

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1888.

NO. 88.

GEORGE O. BARNES.

God is Love and Nothing Else.

PRaise THE LORD.

LOUISVILLE, DEC. 11, 1888.

DEAR INTERIOR—Your SEMI-WEEKLY begins to pall upon my taste slightly. I miss Bro. Barnes' letters greatly. I find it difficult to state how much I enjoy them; and so, I shall take measures to gratify myself, by seeing that they resume their regular appearance.

If this looks like Sheridan's man, who never spoke of himself without uncovering and making a deferential bow, I can't help it. I really believe—so great is the force of habit—that I miss my own letters far more than any of your subscribers do; which, I am afraid, looks very much as if I thought more of myself than any one else thinks of me. Being like the average human, I suppose this must be "about the size of it."

And as I date this, I am reminded that the concentrated symbols of resurrection—three Is and three Ss—appear in a date for the last time before that august event shall happen. God grant that the years may not wear out "till Jesus comes."

"Oh let my lamp be burning,

When Jesus comes,

For him my soul be yearning,

When Jesus comes."

I have been in the house—Wm. Reynolds', Peoria, Ill.,—where dear Bliss, one sleepless night, wrote the words and music of that wondrous song. How "his soul keeps marching on," in that thrilling melody! There is something essentially imperishable in true poetry and music. It is the language of immortality.

But I must speak a word of apology for my long silence. It has not been quite voluntary. The fact is, we have been so unsettled for the past two weeks that writing has been almost out of the question, beyond the ordinary, brief correspondence, business and other, that has to be attended to "on the spot." I recall one crowded day in which we were in four towns, which almost equals the perambulations of the knights of the gripsack, called "commercial travelers."

The glorious meeting in Paris closed in abounding blessing—just as we would have it. Bro. Sweeney being first on the ground, as he generally is, harvested the "first fruits" in a most industrious fashion, and is, at this writing, I believe, continuing a blessed "revival" series of services. I hope the other brethren will follow his good example and "gather them in." That is the proper and scriptural division of labor. The evangelist is a "shepherd's dog," baying the devils, who brings the wanderers off the hillsides and out of the hollows. The pastor folds the sheep and cares for them tenderly. Both are gifts of God; and both have their own distinct work. I would that all the Lord's helpers saw this. There ought to be no friction. Neither can do the other's work well. "Whereunto ye are CALLED" is the Master's division of His servants. The devil tries to get things mixed, according to his wont; and so, how often we find one "called of God" to be an evangelist, doing a pastor's work, and *vice versa*. Confusion is bound to follow. I think I was about the poorest pastor a church was ever saddled with. Why? That was not my work. I have been successful as an evangelist. Why? It was my work. Alas! most of us waste the marrow of life in going aimlessly around, in a sort of devil's chase, trying to find out what we are fit for. Some never discover their mission at all. And some begin theirs at the jaded close, instead of the cheery and vigorous beginning of life's journey. Blessed, indeed, are those who "begin at the beginning," and go steadily on.

After Paris, came two days at Winchester. A rested sojourn it was at "Dovecote Hall," where preside the dear children whom we love so well. Sweet sisters, these, whom, may kind heaven defend from soaring hawk or greedy vulture, in all their happy future. Our Sisters Ecton and Gordon, ever zealous of the truth, had bestirred themselves, and seen that the court-house was ready and the meeting extensively advertised. Dear prized, fellow-helpers are those "elect ladies." God bless them, ever.

The two lectures delivered in Winchester were fully attended. Both nights were dimly dark and the slop underfoot was depressing, to a degree. But the people came out in shoals, "all the same." For the first time, at Winchester, I got my lecture on "Lost Israel" into something like logical shape, to suit my own mind. Really, four would hardly suffice to put the interesting subject, in something of detail, before the people. But I can compress into two, by the present arrangement, most of which is absolutely essential to say; so as to prevent confusion, with those who are unfamiliar with the topics I touch upon.

The first lecture is on the "Lost Tribes of Israel." The second on the "Vanished Sceptre of Judah." I think I can make them more interesting, as practice gives proper consolidation, and a better

logical arrangement of material. "Lecturing" is rather a novelty to me, and, I am free to confess, is not as easy as regular "preaching." But I get along pretty comfortably by approximating a preaching, as near as the "proprieties" will permit.

Wednesday and Thursday we spent at Georgetown, where the lectures were repeated; and where we were entertained by our steadfast friend, Mrs. Gov. Cantrell. We met, Thanksgiving Day, at the Governor's, our old friend, Gen. Fayette Hewitt, and Mr. Virgil, his brother and ours. Frank, of course, accompanied them; as bright and boyish as at Rugby, and growing up a splendid fellow. He'll soon be into trousers, heigho! I like him so much better in knee-breeches. But we must all bow to the inevitable, I suppose.

What a delightful two days we spent at Georgetown! What a lovely home it is, where we rested, in the most charming way; with everything that wealth could furnish, or love supply, to the Troupe! It was the "rocking-chair" of genial hospitality; delicious as a transient enjoyment; but which we would not dare to indulge in for long, if we wanted to keep our nerves and muscles braced for the work that requires hardness, as good "soldiers of Jesus Christ."

We had an appointment in Lebanon for Friday night, but missing connection, we suddenly determined on carrying out our original programme—to take in Lancaster and Stanford en route. Hiring a carriage in Danville, we made Lancaster "in the gloaming," and driving up to the Miller House, found our old host and firm friend, Sam Miller, on the sidewalk. His polite but formal "good evening" as he opened the carriage door to supposed strangers, gave place to an energetic "Hallelujah!" as he recognized the Troupe. Then he proceeded to make our unexpected arrival as dramatic as possible. Led by him, we scuttled with bent heads in front of the glass doors of the public-room, where John was, at the moment, sitting, and looking right across the line of our stealthy approach. Running rapidly up stairs, we burst in upon Sisters Mary, Sue and Douglas Woodcock. Shriek, shriek, shriek, followed by double-barrelled exclamations from the females; single ditto for "Bro. Barnes," all talking at once, after the familiar method that most delights the female heart. Meanwhile Sam was off, down stairs, to bring John up and paralyze him, too, with surprise. I think he prevaricated when John asked him what "Mary wanted;" after he had told him his wife was calling for him. Then we had another "surprise party" over John, when he came quietly in, to find out why he had been sent for. Then all of us talked together, with very little listening, and Babel reigned for a space once more.

At last we quieted down and got in a little rational conversation, and spent a most delightful evening.

The next morning we took to our carriage and drove over to Stanford, to strike the L. & N. and put ourselves beyond misconnections. Lunched at Col. Welch's and had a most pleasant hour with friends tried and true.

Made Lebanon in due time, and began in the court-house Saturday night. Mamma and I at the Hotel Norris and the girls guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anthony. We remained at Lebanon till the following Wednesday, preaching, and singing to crowded congregations.

Four days were all too short; but the Presbyterians were to begin a protracted meeting Wednesday night, and we would not break our rule of non-interference with other services. This self-denial has been little appreciated, but to no man is "all in all" to us, in this gospel of Love and Nothing Else. I don't think we are working for human approval—dear to us, as it is—and so are in a great measure independent of it. There is immense advantage in that. It would wear life away to be always hankering after what we failed to receive. The dear Lord's approval is always ours, when in the right. What a comfort!

Twelve years before, almost to a day, I began, alone, this itinerant ministry, in Lebanon. To re-visit it, after that interval, was full of deepest interest to me. I was not "counted worthy" to preach again in the house where, for a month, in Dec. '76, I held forth. Since then somebody has RETROGRADED or GONE ON. My good friends think I have done the first. I am fully persuaded I have done the second. They, themselves, acknowledge they are *in statu quo*.

It is easy to say "Bro. Barnes has gone back since we saw him last." But has he? And who is to judge? Has ANY one a right to "judge" unless they have lived a better life than "Bro. Barnes" and have so far outstripped him in the christian race as to be in a position to judge him correctly. I wish some of my friends would look at the matter from this standpoint, for their own sakes. Not for mine; for, long since I have said with Paul, "It is a very small matter with me, to judge me of man's judgment. He that judgeth me is the LORD."

But it is not a "small matter" with others, as they will find, to judge a brother, or "set a brother at naught." There comes to all, that "judgment seat of Christ," when such things will finally be settled. It grieves me sorely, for others, whom I love, to have them incur such risks, by settling off-hand, unjust manner.

Lebanon is also a landmark to me as the place of residence of that sturdy Presbyterian—Saint Thomas Bracken, through whose instrumentality, more than any other's, I was forced to withdraw from that august body—the old school Presbyterian Church—"South of God"—as Preceptor Knott tells it, in his inimitable way. He likes me not, being exceedingly jealous of the "traditions of the elders," that I hold in such small esteem; but I owe him a debt of gratitude for getting me out of my ecclesiastical straight jacket, that I can never repay.

He reigns, with almost absolute and well-deserved authority, over his flock in Lebanon; and if I had remained long enough, there would have been "trouble in the camp," of a surety; for some of his "sheep" and "lambs" were beginning to nibble very happily at Bro. Barnes' "heresy."

If the LORD will, in the spring, I purpose returning to Lebanon, when I hope to get many more of his dear people to hear me. Perhaps, by that time, the good man will, himself, come out and crop the "green pastures" where the dear Lord is leading me. What a melodramatic finale that would be, to this bit of ecclesiastical history!

Since coming to Louisville, the papers have kept you fully informed of our movements. How we began in the Central Mission to a "crowded house," which sounds big till you discover that 100 to 125 people will jam the little room to suffocation.

However, Bro. Munnell did a brave, good thing in standing by us, for which the good Lord will reward him, I am sure. And we have, long since learned not to "dispute the day of small things."

Another brave man is Bro. Cockrill, of the Cumb. Pres. Church, who had me to preach for him Sunday and Monday nights. God reward him, too!

Bro. Howes, pastor of the Wesley M. E. church, also kindly invited me to preach for him last Sunday night. God bless him!

Leiderkranz Lower Hall was as much jammed Sunday afternoon as the little mission room; and many went away, at night, from the Cumberland church, cor. Oak and 2d, unable to get even standing room. So you see we are getting a "hearing," as we asked; and of the very people we want to reach. Praise the LORD!

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Chicago has beaten her own record by turning out 20 divorces in one day.

—Fountain Morgan and Miss Mollie Starnes, sweet 16, were married in this county yesterday.

—Wm. Emmett, of Casey, who enters upon his third matrimonial venture, obtained license to marry Miss Sarah Roberts, of this county, a maiden of 30, yesterday. Mr. Emmett is himself on the shady side of 50.

—Mrs. Folsom indignantly denies the N. Y. Sun's story that she is to marry a consul, or any one else, and adds, "I am amazed that a newspaper should be indecent enough to give currency to such a story affecting one whose only offense is her relationship to the wife of the President."

Card of Thanks.

CRAIG ORCHARD, Dec. 12.—Through the columns of the INTERIOR we desire to return our heartfelt thanks to the good people of Craig Orchard and elsewhere for the many kindnesses bestowed upon our darling Maggie during her long illness. And to Dr. Doores, especially, we are truly grateful for his untiring efforts to relieve our loved one. May God in His mercy shower His richest blessings on one and all, is the prayer of her heart-broken mother, KATE EGBERT.

RICHMOND.—Andy McChord, a good citizen and a prosperous farmer, died Saturday, aged 56. Bales & Miller received \$5.35 for their cattle in New York which is equal to \$4.65 at home.—Climate.

—Two Ohio dogs in human shape contested for a raw-egg-eating prize, when one got away with 31 and the other 36, the latter remarking that he would gulp down another dozen if anybody would pay for them.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetters, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. A. R. Penny, druggist.

The Interior Journal Man in Casey.

LIBERTY, Dec. 13.—Another six months has rolled around, another circuit court is in session here and another time I am in Liberty. For six long years I have heard the court-house bell announce the convening of "big court" and I confess I feel, as my jolly host, Bob Pierce, says of me, I am either one of the "necessary essentials" or "necessary evils" attendant on circuit court. This is pretty tough if my republican friend referred to above means the latter; but I suppose he has a right to say what he chooses as he and his party have the president, the Senate, the House, the hide and tail, and of course they have the right to commit such insignificant offenses as to abuse a democrat occasionally. Mr. Pierce sets a fine table though and gives you a No. 1 room, it matters not of what political faith you are, and this goes toward ameliorating a fellow's feelings to some extent.

Although several references have been made in these columns about the courthouse which is nearing completion at this place, justice has not been done the handsome structure, which rises far above the surrounding buildings and reminds one of an oasis in a desert. It is built of the finest pressed brick and stone and of the most modern architecture. It will make Lincoln, Boyle and Garrard ashamed of their court-houses and these people are justly proud of having one surpassing those the blue-grass counties afford. It will be completed February 1 and Judge Morrow will dedicate it at June circuit court. On account of the great expense which the county has been put to in erecting this building, it has been deemed best that no clock be put in for the present, but that at a day when there is more finance in the treasury one be inserted in the cupola which is built for the purpose.

It is rather remarkable, but nevertheless true, that there has not been a child born in this place for 13 years. This is from good authority and from a person who has put himself to considerable trouble to know. It may not be speaking well for a town's growth and prosperity, but is a splendid recommendation for a place where a person can secure unadulterated rest. How nice it would be for some of the papas in Stanford to bundle up and come here for a week or two.

There is likely to be a scramble after the postoffice here, the first time in a generation. Mr. A. T. Royalty, the present incumbent, who has since 1852 been postmaster, and during the entire time has made a most excellent officer, informed me that there was already considerable talk as to his successor and that although he went through the 24 years of republican reign uninterrupted, he is sure that he will be ousted now. There is no money in the business and the old gentleman, who is now 80 years old, is perfectly willing to hand it over when ever he is notified.

Circuit court is being held in the church during the building of the courthouse. It is by far a better place for the business than the old court-house was, but being several hundred yards from the business houses, a division of the crowd is necessarily made and for this reason alone was the court-house advantageous.

Mr. F. W. Warrinner has leased the Napier House, formerly run by Mr. J. W. Hoskins, and will keep it up to the high standard Mr. Hoskins made it. Mr. Warrinner is a good democrat and a most affable gentleman and will no doubt get a good share of the public patronage. I had a chat with the "old War Horse," Col. Frank Wolford, who was so badly beaten in the race for congress in the 11th. He is in good spirits and is much pleased with his race, although he told me it was pretty hard to stand Finley's dirty slings thrown at him while on the stump. He says though that he made Finley acknowledge several times before his audience that he was a liar and a coward and this was something of a recompense for his vulgar insinuations.

Messrs. R. C. Warren and D. R. Carpenter, of Staunton, are here. The former enjoys a large practice at this place, while Mr. Carpenter is talking in the interests of the Aetna Life Insurance Co. Casey will soon be added to the "dry list." Only two legal bar rooms are run in the county, one at Liberty and the other at Dunnville, the license of one at Liberty having expired a few days before circuit court and those of the remaining two expiring in June. It will be mighty poor fun going to court after June and it is safe to say that the attendance thereafter will be very small. E. C. W.

A Woman's Discovery.

Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and was so much relieved on taking the first dose that she slept all night, and with one bottle she has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a free trial bottle at A. R. Penny's drug store.

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For Full Dress Shirts, Collars, Ties,

White Vest, etc., go at once to

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WOOD WALLACE,

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LOUISVILLE, - - - - KY.,

And be supplied.

Novelties received daily. Make my place headquarters when you are in the city.

Am agent for the Indianapolis Steam Laundry, the best in the world. Try it.

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LOUISVILLE, - KY.,

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CHRISTMAS TRIX!

Old Santa Claus having laid in his stook with us.

There never has been such a Complete Line Opened in Louisville as we have

—NOW—

READY FOR INSPECTION.

Prices to suit the purchaser.

CHRISTMAS

Is coming and you want a suitable and beautiful present for your Father or Mother, your Sister or Brother, your Husband or Wife, your Son or Daughter or Sweetheart. If you do, go to

A. A. WARREN'S

"MODEL GROCERY"

And China Palace and see the handsomest and the largest stock of

Christmas Goods!

In China and Queensware ever brought to this market. He also has a line of the Purest Candies, Freshest Nuts, Raisins, Coconuts, Oranges, &c., that can be bought.

Don't fail to give him a call.

B. K. WEAREN

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NEW HOME SEWING MACHINES,

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FURNITURE!

Of Every Description.

Parlor Sets, Bed Room Sets, Loun- ges, Tables, &c.

In endless variety. If you want to make a Christmas present, you could not go to a better or cheaper place than to B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.

To the Citizens of Stanford.

I have rented the meat business of W. F. Ramsey and will occupy the shop on Lancaster street. I ask a liberal share of patronage.

JOHN P. DEPAUW.

NEW COAL YARD.

I am Agent For The

SUPERIOR LILY COAL,

And will keep it constantly on hands in my yard in Stanford.

Also Lime, Sand & Hair.

Give me a Call.

JOHN B. HIGGINS,

63-11

1889.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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Harper's Weekly	\$4 00
Harper's Magazine	4 00
Harper's Bazar	4 00
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The volumes of the Weekly will begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of Harper's Weekly for three years back in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail postage paid, or by express free of expense, provided the freight does not exceed \$1 per volume for \$7 per volume.

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Harper's Periodicals!

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Harper's Magazine	\$4 00
Harper's Weekly	4 00
Harper's Bazar	4 00
Harper's Young People	2 00

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HARRIE, MY HARRIE!

He Is Claimed by Agnes Durning, of New York, but He Says "Nay!"

Those whose faces were on a broad grin some months ago over the developments of the "Baby Bunting" case probably have another treat in store in a similar case, which is on the docket. Agnes Durning, of New York, has sued Harrie Stokum, of Brooklyn, for breach of promise. The defendant is a well known amateur artist of the City of Churches, a member of the Twenty-third regiment, N. G., and is described as strikingly handsome.

In the summer of 1886, the young man met Miss Durning at Haverstraw, N. Y. Byron says that the devil's in the moon for mischief, and moon or no moon, the country in summer, when there are pretty girls about, raises the devil with bachelors. Harrie fell in love, so did Miss Durning, and they were engaged to be married in July, 1888. Then the young man sent presents, a pair of diamond earrings, a gold watch, a gold breastpin, a

crayon portrait of his prospective father-in-law, executed by his own artistic fingers, a similar portrait of herself by himself.

HARRIE STOKUM.

and is said to have soured his fate by numerous love letters.

But Harrie met Miss Annie Castle, an heiress of Brooklyn. Then did a cold blast blow over Harrie's heart. "Killing and chilling" his love for Agnes. Agnes, who was working in a millinery establishment, got her trousseau all ready. She noticed, one day in a society journal, an announcement of an approaching marriage between her Harrie and Annie Castle. Agnes had also heard some "stories" about him, and wrote for an explanation. This was Harrie's reply:

Agnes—Your friend says you know all. As such is the case, I enclose find the article published in the Brooklyn Eagle two years ago, and which forced me from society. After reading the same all of which is true, you will not wish our acquaintance to prove. You need not write me to that effect. On Saturday I will forward to you a package. You may keep the pictures of yourself and your father; the rest—the letters, etc.—return if you agree to the above.

Harrie.

The article referred to told how Harrie had done certain naughty things, which had resulted in a brother artist taking his picture for the rogues' gallery. On account of youth and connections he had been given an opportunity to reform or do it again.

Harrie must have been a dainty prize in some respects—an Adonis perhaps—for Agnes agreed to pass over his slight irregularities and wed him still. But Harrie thought he wouldn't like to be forgiven by Agnes, and found respite for his sensitive regret for his past deeds by marrying Annie. The result is a suit for \$10,000 breach of promise on the part of Miss Durning. The young man declares that it is a case of blackmail.

A DRAFT FOR FIVE MILLIONS.

Why the Prince of Wales and Emperor William Are Not Good Friends.

An interesting story is told of the Prince of Wales by a special correspondent of the New York Staats-Zeitung, who has deemed it important enough to send by cable, and claims that it comes from an authentic source. Of course, the name of the Prince of Wales is not mentioned, but the disguise is so thin that nobody can help seeing who is meant at once. It appears that during the last days of the sojourn of the then Crown Prince Frederick William in San Remo the Prince of Wales, who for a number of years has achieved an international reputation as an apostle of fashion and every kind of sport, and who is counted far more the prototype of the modern cavalier than of the ancient knight, went to San Remo to request the noble patient to liberate him from a letter embarrassment by endorsing a draft for five million marks—a debt of honor. Induced more by reasons of his relationship than from an economical motive, the crown prince acceded to the prince's request. The crown prince then became emperor, the emperor died, and immediately thereupon the five million draft became due. The maker of the draft, that is the Prince of Wales, had made no provision for the payment of it, but the young emperor (William II.) is said to have would not allow the property of his mother—sister of the Prince of Wales—to be attached for this purpose, and that was the last of it, notwithstanding the pleading, then the indignation and the threats of the Prince of Wales, who for that purpose had spent several days at that time in Berlin.

In this emergency of the royal gambler the Count Wilhelm Redern, the son of the chief chamberlain of the emperor who recently died, in a most involuntary way came to his assistance. In a continued session of cards with the Prince of Wales it is said Count Redern lost all that he called his own; at least the draft, with the endorsement of the crown prince, was immediately afterwards cashed. To complete the story, and to pacify those who sympathized with the Prince of Wales, said correspondent also mentions that immediately preceding the arrival of Emperor William in Vienna the former repaired to Hungary, where he, by relieving several Hungarian magnates of their surplus possessions, obtained the means to allay in a measure the impatience of his numerous creditors.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

A traveler called at a hut in the vicinity of Denver, Colo., and requested some dinner. The lady, her spouse being absent, refused to supply his necessities for money or the love of humanity.

"Very well," said the hungry traveler as he turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat to-morrow."

"Why not?" inquired the woman.

"Because," answered the weary man, "the Indians are digging a tunnel at Devil's Bluff lake, and they are going to turn all the waters of the lake into the valley, and you and all the rest of the people are to be drowned."

Upon this intelligence the old lady hurried off to the priest to inform him that a flood was to overflow the valley, and to ask what was to be done in the sad emergency.

The priest endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God had promised that he should never send another flood upon the earth.

"But," exclaimed the affrighted woman, "it isn't God that's doing it—it's the cursed Indians."

"In that case," said the priest, "you'd better get it." And she got it.—Denver Tribune.

A jest that makes a virtuous woman only smile often frightens away a prude; but when real danger forces the former to flee the latter does not hesitate to advance.—Lafayette.

IN-DOORS AND OUT.

BUTCHERING DEVICES.

How to Hang and Clean Hogs—Practical suggestions.

W. K. Doud, Freedom Station, O., sends to the Ohio Farmer a sketch and description of a device he uses for hanging hogs. It is shown in Fig. 1. It consists of three stout poles, about ten feet long, flattened at one end, with a stout bolt passing through all three. Place a hook on each outside pole, about the right height for the length of a hog. These hooks take the place of the old gambrel sticks. After the hog is attached to the hooks it is elevated by means of the middle pole or lever, and the hog can be spread out as desired by moving the two outside poles.

M. W. Stoner sends a sketch of his device for hanging a beef. It is shown in Fig. 2, and he describes it as follows:

By this method you need only one joist or tie. The device can be moved from place to place with little trouble, and it takes little work to make it. Take a piece of scantling 3x3 inches, good hard wood, 6 feet long; round it 18 inches on each end; leave the remainder square.

Make two holes 1x3 inches, and make two levers to fit the holes. Put the rope over any joist or tie that is strong enough to sustain a beef, forming a loop over the tie so the rope will not slip. Slip the ends of the rope through holes near the end; start level, and wind up to where you want. By leaving the lever in, it rests against the beef and holds it every time. No ratchet or spreading stick is wanted. We have used it on all sizes of beefs. We

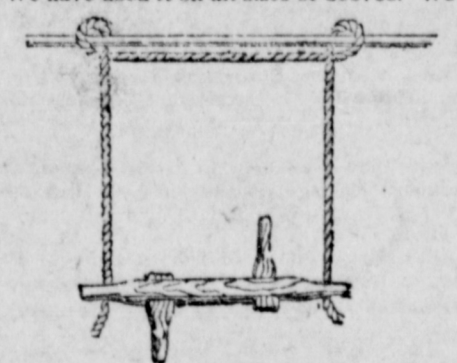


FIG. 1.

killed seven last winter. In soliciting subscriptions for the Farmer last fall I asked a farmer here to subscribe; he said he guessed not; "it is a good little paper, but I don't read much."

Soon after that he called on neighbor No. 2 to help kill a beef. When they were ready to hang, this neighbor asked for the windlass, but he said he used poles and forks. At it they went, and after lifting and pushing, and no doubt some grunting, they had to call on the good wife for help, and finally succeeded in getting it up. When hearing this neighbor relate the affair next day, I asked why he didn't take his windlass along. He said he thought the man had one, and when he explained it to him he said he never heard of or saw one. He don't read much, and takes no good paper!

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

How to Put One Up for a Very Trifling Outlay of Money.

No home, especially where there are children, is complete during the holidays without a Christmas tree. The latter are grand, elaborate and costly to the families of the rich; but even householders of circumscribed means can put up trees that will sparkle and please, for a very trifling outlay of money. Tinsel is cheap, but it glitters, and children rarely stop to estimate values.

A pleasing effect is produced by brushing the prickly foliage of the tree here and there with tinsel and then sprinkling common salt upon it. Among the cheap, household ornaments to hang upon the tree may be enumerated empty eggshells adorned with decalcomania pictures, wafers wrapped in tin-foil or gold paper, pine cones varnished, then bronzed or sprinkled with salt; cranberries or pop-corn strung on twine, gold-paper chains, made by pasting one ring within the other, colored tissue paper, etc. The tissue paper is cut into long strips about four inches wide, and closely cut across, but not entirely across. It is then slightly dampened and held over a hot stove, when it curls up and looks well when thrown here and there across the tree.

It does not require much skill to fashion balloons, gondolas, bird-cages, coaches, etc., out of stiff paper, and afterward covering it with gilt or silver paper. Figures cut from advertising chromos or colored fashion-plates can be fastened to the balloons, gondolas, etc., and really look very pretty. The same skill can adorn the base of the tree in landscape style, with tiny fences, rustic bridges, an old mill, etc., using moss for meadow, red sand for roadway, white or silver sand for paths, twigs of cedar for trees, a piece of looking-glass fringed with moss for a lakelet, etc. Bunches of ivy berries for the tree can be variously colored by first dipping them into a hot but weak solution of starch, and then into blue, red or yellow powder or into powdered bronze.

Mottos for the tree or around it can be made of white cotton wool. The letters are cut out of card paper, to which the wool is glued. When dry, pull the wool so as to give it a puffy or snowy appearance. Trim the letters carefully afterward and fasten them on a dark background. Letters decorated with rice have the effect of carved ivory. Cut out the letters on cartridge paper, cover them with a thick coating of paste or glue; and while yet warm drop the grains of rice into it. The rice grains can also be made to resemble coral by dipping them into red sealing wax dissolved in alcohol. Letters covered with crumpled tin-foil have a good effect and resemble frosted silver, or they can be made of holly, and have a rich, cord-like appearance. The leaves are strung with a needle upon twine of the proper length, passing the needle through the center of each leaf.—Detroit Free Press.

"After pure reading matter"—Anthony Comstock.

The maiden speech that pleases—"Yes."—Lafayette.

AS TO THE ANARCHISTS.

Portraits Sketched at Hronek's Trial—The Famous Tableaux.

There is beginning to be a good deal of talk again by the Anarchists. The recent trial of Hronek, the Chicago Bohemian who manufactured bombs, storing dynamite around his premises as other men would store brown sugar, his conviction and sen-



CHLEBUN, MUCHOWSKI, ELLIOT, HRONEK, BONFIELD, SHAINER.

tence to twelve years' imprisonment, and the recent tableaux are responsible, however, for only a portion of the present interest in the matter, for the Chicago police authorities have announced that another Anarchist outbreak is imminent, and are advising people everywhere, especially in Chicago, to get ready for it.

It will be remembered that these same authorities sent out similar warnings just before the Haymarket riot. They were not heeded then, nor do they seem to be heeded now. No one outside of Anarchistic and police circles can tell whether there is now the same occasion to heed the warning.

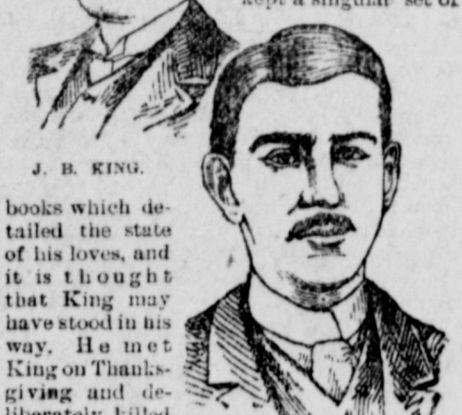


With this are portraits of Hronek, the former Chlebon, and several of the officers who were instrumental in Hronek's capture, together with sketches of the sensational tableaux shown at a meeting of Anarchists in one of the suburbs of Chicago not long ago. It will be remembered that at the entertainment where these tableaux were given the American flag was trampled under foot and the red flag floated proudly above it. There were effigies of justice being hung upon gallows, and other strictly Anarchistic representations exhibited.

BOTH DEAD NOW.

speaking of King, of New Haven, and Donovan, His Slayer.

The double tragedy which took place in New Haven on the evening of Thanksgiving day was one of the worst that has ever taken place in that city. John King, a young law student, was shot and killed by a young man named George Donovan. It was evidently a case of jealousy, but the exact motive for the crime is not known. Donovan had a large amatory correspondence, and kept a singular set of



books which detailed the state of his loves, and it is thought that King may have stood in his way. He met King on Thanksgiving and deliberately killed him. Then he ran and secreted himself in a barn, where he remained for four or five hours, and then, evidently seized with the idea that the officers of the law were in hot pursuit of him, he ran to the city reservoir and, depositing his overcoat and pistol on the brink, he jumped in. The police found his coat by the reservoir, but they thought that he merely left it there as a "blind" to aid him in his escape. The water was drawn from the reservoir and his body was found to the surprise of everybody. It was evident that he had made a desperate struggle for life when he found himself drowning.

Beyond laziness and all around uselessness nobody ever supposed Donovan to be other than a decent enough young man. He was born near Brighton, England, twenty-one years ago, of Irish parents. He had been in this country eleven years.

What He Got with His Wife.

"My brothers are lucky dogs." One of them married two big farmers and the other married a half interest in a national bank.

"They are lucky, indeed. What did you get with your wife?"

"Me! Oh, I got a limber jaw and a pair of ice cold feet!"—Arcola Record.

There is a Massachusetts incident which best that she would not look at a man's chest.

H. C. RUPLEY, MERCHANT TAILOR

Is Receiving His

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Goods Warranted and a Perfect fit Guaranteed, Give him a Trial.

NEW STORE!

We Have Opened a new Stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots Shoes, Hats, &c.,

Which We Cordially invite the public to call and Examine. Everything is new,

NOT A PIECE OF OLD GOODS

And every thing has been selected with great care, the senior member's six years experience as a drummer enabling him to do so with discrimination and profit. The patronage of persons with cash and those who pay promptly on Jan. 1st and July 1st is especially desired.

Asking a share of your patronage, we are Respectfully,

SEVERANCE & SON.

T. R. WALTON

Grocer,

MAIN & SOMERSET STREETS,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

SEASONABLE GOODS.

Currents, Citron, Raisins, Figs, Concentrated Cocomnut, Celatine, Corn Starch, Chocolate, Extracts, &c.

Oatmeal, Cracked Wheat, Hominy, Macaroni, Cheese, Dried Beef, Canned Goods Generally.

Sausage Grinders, Butcher Knives, Sage, Cayenne and Black Pepper.

Sweet and Sour Pickles—Bulk and in Bottles, Sorghum, Honey, &c.

Prices always reasonable and goods first-class.

T. R. WALTON.

NEW! NEW! NEW.

A CARD TO THE PEOPLE OF LINCOLN COUNTY.

R. ZIMMER,

Of Lancaster, Ky., have opened in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Penny, in STANFORD, a First-Class Bakery, Restaurant and California Fruit Store. They will keep constantly on hand everything in their line, such as Bread, Rolls, Pies, Cakes and the Best of Candies, Fruits, Nuts, Etc., Etc. Meals served at any hour.

FRESH OYSTERS in EVERY STYLE

Respectfully,

R. ZIMMER,
Wholesale and Retail.

W. P. WALTON.

LUMBER YARD!

I have purchased the lumber yards of Messrs. George B. Warren and L. M. Bruce and will open a big yard at the one purchased of Mr. Warren. Besides lumber in rough and dressed, I will carry a large line of window sashes, doors and shingles, laths, posts and the picket fence formerly sold by Mr. Warren. S. G. HOCKER.

POSTED.

This notice forbids hunters, fishermen and others not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Signed:

T. J. HILL, GEO. D. HOPPER, J. M. McROBERTS, J. M. S. BAUGHMAN, ROBT. McALISTER, J. E. BRUCE, S. H. SHANKS, S. H. BAUGHMAN, MRS. HENRY BAUGHMAN, A. M. PELAND, E. T. PENCE.

HILTON & DAVIS

General Merchandise, ROWLAND, KY.

Have a stock complete in all departments and desire to call the attention of the public to their stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Dry Goods, Notions and Family Groceries. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. Will have our Christmas Stock by December 1st. Call in and look at it.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons holding claims against Mrs. Sarah Cook, dec'd, will present them, properly proven, to the undersigned on or before December 15th, 1888. A. C. ROBINSON, Adm'r of Sarah Cook, G. Gilberts Creek, Ky.

SLAUGHTER HOUSE!

Having built a new Slaughter House at much expense, I desire to inform the public that I am fully prepared to butcher hogs and cattle. Work entrusted to me will have my personal supervision, and those having animals to kill may rest assured that the work will be neatly & promptly done. M. J. ELKIN, Stanford, Ky.



R. B. GEORGEHAN.

SUCCESSOR TO M. MICHAEL, THE HATTER, 511 4TH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

The Nobbiest & Most Stylish

HATS,

Ever brought to the city of Louisville, now open including the world-renowned

KNOX & JOHN B. STETSON & CO.'S HATS

And also my own importation of English Hats and Caps. A magnificent line of Cane and Lyon's Celebrated Umbrellas always on hand. Fine

SEAL SKIN SACQUES, CAPS,

Gloves and other Furs, a specialty. Orders outside of city solicited, perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Don't fail to order a NOBBY HAT. 217

STILL IN THE LEAD!

The Weekly Gazette,

[Weekly Edition of the Commercial Gazette.]

The Foremost, Freshest and Fairest

Weekly newspaper published next the center of the population of this great Republic and mailed to any address for less than two cents a week, by the year. This paper advocates with the strongest emphasis AMERICAN IDEAS in the conduct of all our government affairs, the elevation of our people, the betterment of their financial and social conditions and the purity of our AMERICAN HOMES. The Weekly Gazette is a Republican paper to the core and stands by the United States Constitution. It is, strictly speaking, a FAMILY NEWSPAPER, and should be in every family in this broad land during the next 12 months. The Weekly Gazette is a great educator, and every department is full of interest to old and young. The news is given from every part of the civilized globe, in proper form. A variety of sketches of travel, adventures, long and short stories, appear very week.

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FAIR MONTE CARLO

The Most Luxurious Gambling Place in the World.

THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO.

Some Interesting Details of the Daily Routine of the Place—Brilliant Lights, Music, Balm, Air, Excitement, Luck Both Good and Bad, Joy, Despair, Death!

Monte Carlo! The name in itself is sufficiently interesting. It falls on the ear very like the names of innumerable other spots in the south of France and in sunny Italy. But taken in connection with the place itself, what a story the bare name tells, and what a part it has played in the ill-fated lives of many hundreds, even thousands, of reckless adventurers and confirmed gamblers, feverish worshippers of the playful goddess Luck from every part of the world!

Roulette and trente et quarante are not the only fascinations of Monte Carlo. The little principality of Monaco, only three miles long, which includes Monte Carlo, is a paradise—a subtle snare to reckless gamblers. The air is balmy and always warm. In the midst of December you can send orange blossoms to Marechal Niel roses from Monte Carlo to your friends in northern Europe. The sky is marvelously blue, and at night the stars seem to fairly blaze with a brightness and intensity that is only observable on the shores of the Mediterranean. The blue Mediterranean itself, eternally dotted with well-filled sails, washes the base of the towering peaks of Monaco.

Nature throws a luxuriant and deceptive mantle over the iniquity of Monte Carlo.

MONACO IN LITERATURE.

And then, the Casino!

Who has not heard of the palatial Casino? The European novelists of the day, who write the horse, half absurd, half tragic books now so immeasurably popular, all have some-thing to say about the Casino at Monte Carlo. As for instance, "As in a Looking Glass," that sensation of last year, which was afterward staged by Mrs. Langtry. The book—rather inaudibly, to be sure—tells considerable about the Casino, but spreads a very misleading gloss over the guided palace of human weakness.

Every want of man or woman, good or bad, is provided for in this magnificent Casino. Twice a day the finest orchestra in Europe gives an hour of delicious enjoyment to the excited and overworked denizens of the place. The cafe has one of the best chefs on the continent. The liquors are half a century old.

Behind the Casino the ground ascends for some 400 yards, and here have been built a number of hotels which, with a few shops and a sprinkling of villas, constitute the little town. The olive covered slopes of the Alpes Maritimes rise precipitously behind, sheltering the place from any breath of northerly air, and, as far as the eye can reach, those beautiful mountains follow the long line of the coast, leaving, between their dark green feet and the sparkling sea, just room enough in some places for a cluster of houses, and in others hardly sufficient space for the long white road that stretches away to Genoa.

The entrance to the Casino is on that side of the building turned away from the sea, and is approached from a "place," which has a fountain in the center, and on either side of it the Hotel and Cafe de Paris. Passing through the large doors at the top of a flight of steps, one finds himself in a vestibule, to the right of which is a ball room, and to the left the bar, where every visitor is obliged to leave his name and obtain a card of permission to enter. Armed with this he advances into a large hall where smoking is allowed and where promiscuous, clear as moonlight, with profuse gossamer, to the friends how it came to pass that they lost their money, or, on the other hand, take credit to themselves for a run of luck. This hall is familiarly known as "la salle des pas perdus."

Then you enter the Salon de Jeu.

The Salon de Jeu is where the gambling is done. It is a superb room, long and high, frescoed by the chief artists of Europe, and furnished with exquisite taste. The room is filled with an eager but strangely silent throng, some sitting at the tables, others looking on at the players, but the majority are playing. There is scarcely any talking. Even the impulsive women of the south, of whom there are many in the room, refrain from chattering, and everybody in the room is filled with suppressed excitement. Almost the only noise that disturbs the silence of the vast room is the sacking over his shoulder with valuable pieces of plate, books, etc., and war galling at the flash light in open mouthed amazement.

The Camera Caught Him.

A burglar entered a house at Waterford, Ireland, a couple of weeks ago, and after purloining everything he could find he prepared to remove a large photographic camera that was standing on a table. In some way he touched off a magnifying flash attachment that was part of the machine, and fled precipitately when the thing flashed up. The next day it was found that the camera had been placed in the hands of the police, and by its aid they quickly nabbed their man. It showed the burglar with a jimmy in one hand and a box containing jewelry under his arm, while he carried a sack over his shoulder with valuable pieces of plate, books, etc., and war galling at the flash light in open mouthed amazement.

Entrance to Casino.

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W. P. WALTON.

DOUBLE NUMBER.

We do not assert that marriage is a failure, far from it, but it has not improved John Bosley's temper. In the last issue of his paper he lets off some of his bile at us and actually is mean enough to suggest that it will take at least 600 more "biles" to purify our frame and give a true Christian spirit room to abide there. The cause of his tirade was an article in this paper which stated that Wilson was elected in the 10th by the votes of railroad negroes and white miners, many of whom had no right to vote. The returns show this plainly enough for Gov. Buckner to withhold his certificate and we still, notwithstanding Bre'r Bosley's yelp, stick to the original charge.

Mr. C. C. Moore, the lively and always interesting reporter for the Lexington Transcript, satisfied himself with simply holding until an officer arrived at a fellow named Graves, who came to his office, called him a liar and finally attempted to strike him. This non-combatant, Christian spirit was doubtless acquired during Mr. Moore's long service as a preacher of the gospel, but it is safe to assume that the example will be lost on his brethren of the quill. The best treatment for a bully who comes swaggering around a newspaper office is the knock-down, stamp and drag out plan, and we are sorry to see Dr. Moore attempt to improve on it.

Mrs. Whitney, wife of the secretary of war, as good as accuses Ingalls of starting the scandalous stories about President Cleveland's bad treatment of his wife, and those who are acquainted with the vindictive creature are apt to give credence to the charge. He partially denies it in an interview, however, and says Mrs. Whitney evidently relies upon the prerogative of her sex for immunity. But such a creature as Ingalls is not likely to give her that immunity. A woman is about the only thing he would fight, judging by his cowardly back down when our Joe Blackburn was preparing to climb his dirty carcass.

A few years ago the Kentucky State Grange was a most powerful organization and for a while carried everything in a sling, the legislature in the bargain. This week what is left of it met in a small parlor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Louisville, and there was still left room enough in it for another organization equally as large. The faithful few seemed very much in earnest and went about formulating plans for a revival of interest in the order, as if they had the highest hopes of success.

The National Executive Committee of the prohibitionists met in Pittsburg to settle up the affairs of the recent campaign and to lay out plans for the future. Among the latter it was decided that the Southern field was the one that needed most attention and that it should receive it unsparingly. The treasurer's report showed that \$32,000 was expended in "legitimate" campaign purposes.

CLARA BELLE, the Cincinnati Enquirer's fashion correspondent, says that in tony circles it is no longer the thing for women to kiss on meeting. The dear creatures have, we presume, decided that such osculatory performance is a simple waste of sweetness on the desert air and that in the future they will bestow their favors only where they will be most appreciated.

Judging from an article in another column the white spoliars are not going to have it all their own way this time. The old black man is going to demand recognition and an office, and if they are not forthcoming there is going to be trouble among the pot-hunters.

An effort is being made in West Virginia to change its name to Kanawha or Alleghany. Since she only went 536 for Cleveland and it is not yet decided whether a democrat or republican is elected governor, she can name herself Dennis if she wishes.

GEN. BRAGG, whose term as Interstate railroad commissioner is about to expire, has been re-appointed by the President, but as he is a democrat and the term is for six years the republican Senate will find some excuse not to confirm him.

The House has passed the direct tax refunding bill which will take \$20,000,000 from the treasury. It is of doubtful propriety and we are glad to see our representative, Gov. McCreary, voted against it.

NEWS CONDENSED.

—Senator M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, was re-elected Tuesday without opposition.

—John R. King and his family of 8 persons were burned in their house near Cookeville, Texas.

—Hon. John M. Glover, of Missouri, has been made chairman of the House Committee on Private Land Claims.

—Charles A. Ellison and his brother's wife, Mrs. Lillie May Ellison, were suffocated by gas in a Baltimore hotel, where they had registered as man and wife.

—Tom McNamara fatally cut conductor J. B. Bain, of the Cincinnati Southern, at Lexington and made his escape.

—The Chesapeake & Ohio bridge across the Ohio at Cincinnati is nearing completion and will be ready for use by Jan. 1st.

—By the explosion of meal dust in a Chicago distillery, four persons were killed and many wounded. The building was damaged \$150,000's worth.

—In Mercer county, West Virginia, 700 persons have been indicted by the grand jury of the Federal court for illegal voting, including the prosecuting attorney, who has two against him.

—Robert Thuman, who was charged with stealing Bookmaker Riley's money-box from the Phoenix Hotel, Lexington, was acquitted Tuesday. One of the witnesses testified that Sterling Graves, an attorney for the defense, was interested in the theft, but it is not believed.

—William Benson, a farm hand, cruelly murdered old man Jacob Mottweiler and his wife near New Albany, Ind., because they objected to his marrying Sallie Snyder, a sister of Mrs. Mottweiler, who lived with them. He was arrested and placed in the penitentiary to save him from a mob.

—A woman who gave her name as Jessie Hood and claimed Somerset or Nashville as her home, and who has been living in a bawdy house at Harrodsburg, was found Monday on the railroad track horribly mutilated. It is thought that John Freeman, who has been keeping company with her, knows something of the murder, and has been arrested and his trial set for to-day.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—Ninety-one additions at Eld. Zack Sweeney's meeting and the great revival still progressing.

—There will be Sunday-school and preaching at the Christian church next Sunday morning, the church having been completed and ready for occupancy.

—Chicago has 44 Lutheran churches; 29 Protestant Episcopal, 24 Presbyterian; 24 Baptist and 28 Congregationalist. Each church has in addition a number of missions.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Old time corn huskings are having a big run now.

—Pat Welsh has re-opened his grocery store near the depot.

—A number of the public schools close this week, including Mt. Vernon's.

—James Baker was seriously injured at Pine Hill Tuesday by slate falling upon him while digging coal.

—Miss Mary Brown, of the Freedom neighborhood, was thrown from a horse Monday and badly injured.

—Gold and Bank stocks have increased during the week. Its a boy at Chas. Golden's and a girl at Wm. Bank's.

—W. H. Albright writes back from Colorado and says he has taken up a homestead and is getting along nicely.

—At a turkey shooting at Brush Creek Saturday, after killing all the turkeys, Andy Mason and Pete Langford exchanged shots; no one hurt; no arrests.

—The County Medical Association meeting here Wednesday was not very fully attended, on account of unavoidable detention of a number of the members having numerous calls from patients.

—Hugh Miller, deputy clerk, went to the northern part of the county Monday to have some parties sign up a deed. One woman refused to sign it until assured it would be of no benefit to the democratic party.

—Murray Boring, of Nashville, after an absence of 23 years from Mt. Vernon, is here visiting relatives. G. G. Wine, of your place, was here to-day. James Hix starts to Palestine, Tex., to-morrow. A. T. Fish goes to Abilene, Texas, in a few days.

About Horses.

To the Editor Interior Journal.)
STANFORD, Dec. 14.—The excellence—one might truly say the superiority—of the American thoroughbred over all other horses is not merely an American "boast," indulged as a gratification of native pride, but is clearly demonstrated by comparison, contest and competition. That the combination of blood possessed by Lexington, to transmit to his descendants speed, power and durability to vanquish their competitors, has been shown by their success ever since they first began to run. A recent issue of the Live Stock Record, carefully noting the stake winnings of 2 and 3-year-olds in '87 and '88, shows that all the 2 and 3-year-olds that have won each \$5,000 and upwards, number 58, while 53 of them have one or more crosses of the Lexington or Boston blood. The total amount won by the whole number foots up \$767,158.50, of which amount the 53 won \$723,718.50, leaving only \$43,378 to the others. These are statistics for '88. Nor is this year an exception, for in '87 45 2 and 3-year-olds won a total of \$608,450; of the 45 37 had from one to more crosses of Lexington and Boston blood, and won \$518,324, leaving only \$90,125 to the representatives of all other strains. The 2 and 3-year-olds of '87 and '88, who have each won \$5,000 or more, number 103, 90 of these having Lexington and Boston crosses, and have won \$1,242,104, leaving to all others winning each \$5,000 or more \$133,513. And further, the time test shows from 23 tables of fastest time on record, from 1/4 to 4 miles, 20 have been made by representatives of Lexington and Boston blood. With such facts as these, why import the less valuable horse

to improve (?) our native blood? Since the importation of Diomedes, the famous old Derby winner, Priam, another, and the condemned and exiled Glencoe, Trustee, Yorksire, Bonnie Scotland, Phaeton, Glencoe and Leamington, whose son, Iroquois, bore off the richest prize of England; with numerous of the best England's mares, we can produce and develop stouter horses of higher speed and greater endurance than the lighter horses of far less stamina, that are now the type of English racers. As proof, but look at the number of yearlings annually imported, and see how very few can win their oats competing with our native-bred horses. The value of importations of an earlier day should not be overlooked, for these confluent strains made Lexington the grand approximation to equine perfection his descendants prove him to have been. But that we now have better horses than can be imported, the racing calendars plainly prove, by showing the success of horses rich in native blood over those without it. Had the English such horses as Longfellow, Falsetto and Iroquois at the head of breeding establishments, they would revolutionize the business of importation and would come here for horses to improve their own racing blood. I long to see the day when we will have a grand national event equal or greater in importance to the 3-year-old winner than the English Derby, where the Derby winners of our various States shall meet to prove the best. Then welcome all the world to try conclusions with us, and prove what country brings out the conqueror. Had some American but the patience to await the result and the means to spare from his quick timed speculations, who would take one of our first-class horses to England and limit his service and race his progeny, he surely would meet with gratifying success, and change the tide of importation. The best that we produce are good enough to race against the world. And the great breeding establishments of Kentucky, before many years hence, will be looked to for champions to go to every country where the thoroughbred horse has a friend. And if our stout, speedy, hard-boned, native blood is preserved, the competitors against it will be seen dancing far back as shadows fall, when the evening sun is low.

Preserve the pure metal we have and let others be proud of their tinsel. L.

A PLEA FOR THE COLORED MAN.

The Time to Send White Spoilers to the Rear.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.] While republican politicians of Kentucky are getting on their war paint and whetting their knives for the fight over the new deal, a new obstacle rises before them in the shape of new and younger men of advanced ideas and higher character than the old clique, who have hung on to their party for the spoils, with no special claims to fitness, character or service rendered their country.

The fact that these new men are in accord with the expressed sentiments of Mr. Harrison in regard to men and public office, adds new cause for alarm and terror in the office-seekers' ranks. From the colored wing, which composes the greater part of the republican party in this State, the Hon. G. W. Gentry, our fellow townsman, comes to the front and expresses his intention of asking for a recognition of his merits in proportion to his claims and services to his people and country. This is a step forward and plainly indicates that the colored brother begins to realize his strength, and don't intend to be content longer with the sop usually dished out heretofore by their white bosses in politics. If Gentry's claims are as well founded as his friends say, he bids fair to be master of the situation. He is over six feet high, with broad shoulders and body in proportion; his manner of speaking is much after the old style of Kentucky orators; great earnestness of conviction, with wild gestures to emphasize every word.

He enlisted in the army and served to the close of the war before reaching his majority. As soon as mustered out of service he took the advice of John G.

W. H.—

HIGGINS

—Dealer In—

Hardware, Groceries, Queensware, Salt, Lime, Cement,

BLUE TILING, WAGON MATERIAL, IRON, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, GRATES,

STOVES, &C.

The Oliver Plow is still in the lead. Do not try anything new, when your neighbor and your own experience tell you it has no equal.

And to house-keepers and those anticipating house-keeping: call and examine the New Arizona Cook Stoves and see how many are now in use.

The Belle City Cutting Box is fully warranted to give satisfaction and has less machinery than any box on the market and is as low as any. If you want a Corn Sheller, don't pass the Hocking Valley Sheller.

To all I extend my thanks for your patronage and ask you to give me the same for the coming year.

W. H. HIGGINS.

W. B. McKinney and Frank McKinney, salesmen.

Fee and went to Berea College, his only possession being his clothing and an ax, with which he paid his tuition and board. Beginning in the lowest classes, by hard work and faithful application to books during seven years, he acquired all the possessions of an education, which has been much improved by several years of teaching school in his native county of Lincoln. In the meantime he studied law and is now practicing at the home bar, and so far as we know he has the confidence and respect of all his neighbors.

Most of his political experience has been in the interest of equal taxation and better school advantages for his people.

He was a Garfield elector and held a storekeepership a few months before the end of the last republican administration. He was unanimously supported by his party for the position of door-keeper of the last State legislature. Has served on several important committees, and is an ex-member of the State Executive Committee. He was a formidable candidate for the position of delegate-at-large before the last State convention, and withdrew in the interest of harmony. Although knifed by some of his white friends in the convention, he returned to the ranks and gave his party his usual vigorous support in the recent canvass. His demands are very modest, in consideration of the life service he has given his country and party, without any reward whatever except a few months as storekeeper.

We confess that with such a record it is not surprising that the old clique should be alarmed at the danger of losing their power and spoils. If we must have republicans in office, for the good Lord's sake let's have a better class of men than the old bosses and rabid blatherskites of yore.

G. W. Bolling, ex-member State Executive Com.; W. D. Flack, M. H. Givens.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at my place on the Stanford & Lancaster pike, near Dix River Bridge, on

Saturday, Dec. 15, 1888,

My entire stock of Farming Implements, 8 head of Horses and Colts, 3 head of Cattle, 150 shocks of Fodder, 3 stacks Hay, 12 Shouts, 500 bushels Oats, 25 barrels of Corn, 20 bushels Wheat and 20 acres in wheat. I am going into business at Stanford and am willing to sacrifice the above.

C. C. WITHERS, Gilberts Creek, Ky.

SALE AND RENTING

As Administrator of Allen Gidmore I will sell at his late residence on

Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1888,

His personal property, consisting of Cows, Calves, Hogs, Household and Kitchen Furniture, &c. Terms made known on day of sale. The farm of 30 acres, with a good residence, will be rented on the same day.

A. G. T. SMITH, Adm'r

FINE FARM.

If not sold privately before I will sell at public auction,

ON TUESDAY, DEC. 25, '88,

On the premises at Rowland, Ky.,

My Farm of 100 Acres,

more or less, nearly all in blue-grass and having a large new house on it. For terms and further particulars, address J. C. RODEMER, Gallatin, Tenn.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

As Executor of W. H. Hocker, dec'd, I will sell at his late residence in Stanford,

ON SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1888,

Promptly at 1 o'clock, all his property, real and personal, consisting of the

Home Place of Eight Acres,

—And a—

HOUSE AND LOT, BOTH IN STANFORD,

The latter on the Southwest side of Main street, opposite Col. Welch's and known as the Ed. Pendleton place. Also 1 Brood Mare, 2 Milk Cows, Household and Kitchen Furniture.

Terms.—All sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand; over that amount, a credit of 6 and 12 months, with interest from date.

ED. CARTER, Executor.

N. B.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate will please come forward and settle

IN THE LEAD, AS USUAL,

—WITH—

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

—If you want a—

Gold or Silver Watch, Diamonds, Silverware,

Or anything else in the Jewelry line,

Penny's Is The Place

To buy it. He is always ahead in stock and lower in prices. Also a

Handsome stock of Holiday Books, Dressing Cases

Novelties of all kinds. A better stock at Lower Prices than ever before. Call and see them.

A. R. PENNY.

T. R. WALTON

Will open Tomorrow,

SATURDAY, DEC. 15,

A SPLENDID STOCK

—OF—

Stick and Fancy Candies, Candy Toys, Nuts, Fruits, Cakes, &c.

All of which are

Fresh and good as can be found elsewhere.

Good many other things

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

J. T. HARRIS,

—Will be found on—

Lancaster Street, - - Stanford, Ky.,

—WITH A—

Full line of Groceries, Confectioneries,

And Christmas Tricks and everything good to eat. Will sell very cheap.

STANFORD, KY., DECEMBER 14, 1888

E. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

Published Every Tuesday and Friday

\$2 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

When not so paid \$2.50 will be charged.

K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Train leaves Rowland at 7:30 a. m., returning at 6 p. m.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going South.....12 31 p m
 Express train " South.....1 31 p m
 " North.....1 37 p m
 Local Freight North.....6 30 a m
 " South.....6 22 p m
 The latter trains also carry passengers.
 The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 30 minutes faster.

MEANS BUSINESS.

Watches and jewelry repaired and warranted. A. R. Penny.
 The best place to buy drugs, patent medicines and toilet articles is at A. R. Penny's.

Buy your school books, ink, tablets, paper, pencils and school supplies of all kinds from A. R. Penny.

I guarantee all watches and every article of jewelry I sell to be just as represented. A. R. Penny.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Mrs. Laura Montgomery is back from Pineville.

Mr. M. C. Portman is attending court at Liberty.

Mrs. Fred Stone is visiting relatives in Rockcastle.

Hon. J. S. Owsley is visiting his daughter, Mrs. W. R. Manier, at Nashville.

Mrs. Sims has gone to Louisville to see her mother, Mrs. Jones, who is very ill.

Misses Jean and Maggie Buchanan, of Crab Orchard, are visiting Mrs. A. A. McKinney.

Miss Maggie Tucker, of Crab Orchard, is visiting her sister, Miss Mamie Tucker, at the College.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ottenheim, of New York, after a very pleasant visit to old friends here, leave for home today.

Mr. S. H. Baughman took Lexington yesterday two promising yearlings by St. Martin, to be entered in the combination sale of W. T. Woodward.

Mrs. Hocker gave an elegant reception to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hocker on their return from their bridal tour, which was heartily enjoyed by 25 or 30 guests.

Mr. H. N. Wake and family left for their new home in Washington county yesterday. They are excellent people and their friends regret to have them leave us.

John W. Yeakes has returned from his trip South much pleased with the Southern country and delighted with his cruise on the Gulf of Mexico.—Danville Advocate.

Mr. John Baughman was worse yesterday and his family are of the opinion that he can last but a short time. A good citizen and an indulgent father and husband, he will go to his reward full of years and with a record as honorable as any man's.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. McRoberts had all their children with them Wednesday night, for the first time for years. Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Dunn, Bryantsville; Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Lowell; Mrs. Bettie Frith, Brodhead; Ben McRoberts, Indiana and George T. McRoberts, of this county.

CITY AND VICINITY.

Read W. H. Brady's "ad."

Fresh oysters to-morrow. S. S. Myers.

Bananas 20 cts. a doz. S. S. Myers.

Imported Fruits of all kinds at Metcalf & Foster's.

Don't fail to see A. A. Warren's "ad." It is unique.

For Rent—After Jan. 1 a cottage. Apply to Messrs. Liece and Mary Benzley.

Wanted.—2,000 turkeys at once. Will pay 5 cents per pound. A. T. Nunnally.

Malaga grapes 25c per lb.; sweet Florida oranges 25c per dozen; fine lemons 25c per dozen. S. S. Myers.

Our readers will not be at a loss to find where they can get Christmas presents. A perusal of the many "ads" in this issue will solve the problem easily.

You will show your good judgment by calling and buying a nice cloak early, before our stock is too badly broken. We will sell you at cost. Owsley & Craig.

G. W. Perry, a white man from near Crab Orchard, was lodged in jail yesterday for carrying concealed weapons. He was tried before Squire John A. Chapell.

McRoberts & Stagg, A. R. Penny, A. A. Warren and Metcalf & Foster have already opened their Christmas trux, so as to give you plenty of time to select from their excellent stocks.

The Cincinnati Southern announces a holiday rate of 11 fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale Dec. 21 to 25, good to return Jan. 3; also Dec. 29 to 31, good until Jan. 5. Tickets will be sold also at all points in Southern Passenger Association territory on same dates and rates.

New Christmas goods at Zimmer's.

CANDIES, Oranges and Nuts at Metcalf & Foster's.

A MESSENGER from Mr. John Baughman's bedside says the family think he will not live through the night.

Nothing is more durable or handsome for a Christmas present than a nice cloak. Go to Owsley & Craig's and buy one at cost.

FRESH lot of candies, both French and stick, nuts, figs, Malaga grapes, oranges, apples, raisins and cocoanuts just received at Zimmer's.

TRY our extra clean Jellico nut coal for cooking stoves; not only cheaper, but superior to lump for such purposes. Geo. D. Wearen, manager.

MR. J. H. HILTON has bought out his partner, E. R. Davis, at Rowland, and will run the business in his own name hereafter with Mr. Davis as clerk.

BRO. DARSIE will tell you all about the "Man of Snap" at the Christian church Tuesday night next for the small admission fee of 25 cents. A packed audience ought to greet him.

THE second snow of the season and the first of consequence fell Wednesday afternoon. About an inch fell and yesterday looked decidedly winterish without feeling particularly so.

LOOK AT THIS.—We will sell all of our cloaks from now on at cost—\$27.50 cloak for \$20; \$13.50 cloak for \$10; \$10 cloak for \$7.50; \$6 cloak for \$4.25. Now is your golden opportunity to buy. Owsley & Craig.

HURT.—R. T. Mattingly, car-repairer at Rowland, missed his aim the other day and struck his hand, tearing the skin off his knuckles and mashing his fingers so he will be unable to work for some time.

AARON GIVENS, an L. & N. brakeman, caught his hand between two drawheads while coupling cars and had it cut completely off Wednesday evening. He was bracing on a through freight on the southern end.

It is reported that J. T. Harahan, General Manager of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, has resigned to take the position of Assistant General Manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and that Supt. Metcalf is to succeed him.

ROBERT BLACK, the popular engineer on the K. C., who was so badly hurt in a collision at Paris two months ago, has recovered from his wounds, but the blow on his head has dethroned his reason and he has been placed in the Lexington asylum.

THE Hon. Fontaine Fox Bobbitt asks us to announce that he will speak at Gum Sulphur to-morrow night, 15th, on politics and at the same place Sunday morning "on whether the devil has any power to kill, cripple, &c., unless it be given him by God."

SPEAKING of advertising mediums, this is what those enterprising Danville merchants, Messrs. Robertson & Kinnaird, say: "We find that money spent for 'ads.' in the INTERIOR JOURNAL is well invested, as we never fail of a response from your liberal people."

As Mrs. M. D. Elmore was closing the front shutters of her house Wednesday night about 11 o'clock she saw a man come out of the Methodist church yard with a wheelbarrow. Investigation next morning showed that some sacrilegious thief had become frightened at the snow storm and invaded the sacred precincts of the church's coal bin.

THE impression has gone out that Winchester is lighted with electricity furnished by a \$500 dynamo attached to a mill engine. The Democrat says it is altogether wrong. The company paid \$4,000 for its lot and improvements, exclusive of the machinery, which cost \$15,000 and embraces two dynamos and an 87-horse power engine.

"THE MAN OF SNAP."—Elder George Darsie, the great pulpit orator, will deliver a lecture at the Christian church here next Tuesday night, 18th, for its benefit. Mr. Darsie has presented "The Man of Snap" before audiences in various portions of the country and the press and public are unanimous in its praise. The St. Louis Christian Evangelist calls it "A telling lecture." The Ravina, O., Republican says: "It enthused and delighted all." The Worcester, Mass., Telegram: "Forceful and vivacious, impressive and entertaining." The Chattanooga Times: "Original and pointed, clear and forcible, chaste and eloquent." The Knoxville Tribune: "Exceedingly interesting and instructive." Pres. E. V. Zollars, of Hiram College, O., (Garfield's college): "It abounds in instruction, wit and common sense. It is a lecture that young people especially cannot fail to hear with great profit." Admission 25 cents.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

About a week ago Mr. Jesse Nance, an aged and respected citizen of the West End, died, and on Wednesday a daughter of his, aged 20, followed him to the tomb.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. M. O'Bryan were called upon Wednesday night at 8 o'clock to give up their precious first-born, a bright little fellow of 3 years and 5 months—George Ballard. He has been

sick for a month with bronchitis and finally died in a spasm. They took the remains to Chicago (Mr. O'Bryan's former home) for interment. Much sympathy is felt for the young couple in their terrible bereavement.

—Of Bright's disease and rheumatism, after several weeks' illness,

MR. JOHN YOUNG MYERS

breathed his last at 1:15 yesterday. He was born in this county Oct. 22, 1824 and with the exception of four years spent for the Lost Cause, has always lived here. A member of Capt. Skanks' company, he was with Morgan in his daring campaigns and made an excellent and gallant soldier. He was captured with a large portion of his command and spent many months in Camp Douglas as a prisoner of war, suffering many hardships. Returning home after the war, he went into business, but was unfortunate and died without much estate. During Bro. Barnes' long meeting here a number of years ago, he confessed his Savior and attached himself to the Presbyterian church. If he was conscious of his approaching end, he gave no sign of it, but lay for the most part in a sort of stupor. He was a Mason and a man of high principles and courage. After a short discourse at the Myers House Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, by Rev. Ben Helm, the remains will be taken to Lancaster for interment, arriving at about 12 m.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

—J. E. Bruce sold a car load of fat hogs at 5 cents.

—FOR SALE—22 yearling mules at \$85. F. M. Yowell, Hustonville.

—E. T. Pence sold to D. N. Prewitt 10 head of scrub cattle at 3 cents.

—E. P. Woods sold to Ben Robinson a lot of cows and heifers at 2 to 3 cts.

—LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—Bay mare 3 years old next spring; 14½ hands high, with foretop clipped. S. H. Shanks.

—FOR RENT.—36 acres of land; a good house and outbuildings; large orchard and plenty small fruit. G. T. McRoberts, Stanford.

—H. F. Rogers shipped to Louisville last week four car-loads of hogs, 238 in number, which he sold at \$5.13½.—Georgetown Times.

—A dispatch from Paris says that Geo. Becker, a Cincinnati cattle buyer, has assigned, catching several citizens there for from \$250 to \$5,000.

—W. G. Walker bought of D. G. Curry & Rue, of Harrodsburg, one of the premium crops of 40,000 pounds of Mercer county tobacco, at \$7.37½ per cwt.

—With an abundant supply, cattle are a shade lower in Cincinnati, prices running from 1½ to 4½; hogs are also lower and are quoted at 4½ to 5.30; sheep are weak at 2 to 4; stockers 2½ to 3½.

—J. E. Bruce found one of his large hogs short the other morning and it died shortly afterwards. He thinks a miserable thief did it, but the animal being able to run, he could not catch it.

—More than 1,200 turnipen attended the combination horse sale at Lexington Tuesday, when 38 animals belonging to the Melbourne stables brought an average of \$1,613. Sixteen other horses were sold, taking the aggregate up to \$72,150. The Lioness was bought by McClellan & Roche, of St. Louis, for \$10,100 and Gal-lifet, by McCoy, of South Carolina, for \$3,500.

Sullivan Got Away With Smith and the Girl.

GUM SULPHUR, Dec. 13.—Quite a sensation was created in our little town yesterday when it was made known that Miss Lelia Francisco, accompanied by Miss Mollie Talbott and Jack Fish had left in the night for Jellico. They were joined at Woodbine by Mr. Marion Sullivan, who on arriving at Jellico was united in marriage to Miss Lelia. The party returned to Gum Sulphur on the first train, and after receiving congratulations from their friends, Mr. Sullivan and wife returned to his home in Williamsburg. Mr. Bage Smith was to have been married to Miss Lelia on Wednesday evening, but Sullivan hearing of it came down Sunday and put a stop to it. Not only was Bage sadly disappointed, but several others. B. K. Wearen's man Mr. Pate Parrott, was on hand to sell the required furniture, but missed it. "Ah, there," Pate!

LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—The troupe of Indians are performing nightly to packed houses. It is a very free show.

—The meeting at the Presbyterian church continues. Dr. Thomas H. Cleland, of Pewee Valley, is assisting Rev. J. C. Randolph. Thus we have with us two of the trio of great preachers in the State. They have a refreshing way of ignoring theology and preaching the gospel.

—We regret to announce that the family of Geo. D. Barlett will leave in about three weeks for Omaha. There will be a sale of household effects at their residence on next county court day.

—The case against the young men charged with committing an outrage was dismissed for want of evidence. The woman who swore out the warrant failed to appear against them.

—Messrs. Hubble & West are untiring in their efforts to advance the interests of the people by inaugurating and pushing enterprises of great benefit to the community. They have made arrangements with Capt. T. D. English, one of the best auctioneers in the State, to be here every county court day to offer at public sale any property left with them for that purpose. The first sale

will be made at our next court. Live stock or property of any character may be listed with Hubble & West by the 20th inst. They already have a number of horses, etc., ready for the first sale. This enterprise should be encouraged.

—As yet we have heard nothing of any movement toward having a Christmas tree or anything of the kind by any of the churches here. This is well. It has been claimed, however, that by having these entertainments at the church the poor children receive something, when otherwise they would get nothing. But we have noticed that the presents usually put on the tree for poor children are almost valueless and unworthy the name of gift; and when the costly gifts for the more fortunate pass before the eyes of the poor their little minds work by comparison, and the charity gifts that were intended to produce emotions of pleasure are made the means of inflicting a wound too painful for any heart to endure and too cruel to be imposed upon any child of charity. But the poor should be remembered. Then let each church appoint a committee to solicit aid from the citizens generally and let the funds be placed in the hands of a purchasing committee composed of two members of each church, whose duty shall be to buy presents and send to the homes of the poor, there to be put into their stockings by Santa Claus in the good old fashioned way. Christmas trees or other things that operate to abolish the stocking and the indescribable pleasure of preparing it, and the sweet, dreamy, heavenly childish expectancy of "the night before Christmas," is an innovation introduced by an old Nick, and should be frowned upon by all who love children and dwell in hope. To peep out from the bed in the morning; to scamper to the hearth looking at the great chimney and thinking of its mysteries of the night just passed; to look up at the stuffed stocking, wonderful in capacity and filled with untold good things—the top of one expanded by a pack of firecrackers, and peeping from another the head of a great doll with golden hair and blue eyes that open and close at your bidding—these simple things give the children more peaceful joy than the grandest gift that ever hung upon any tree away from home. Christmas celebrated thus brings joy to all. To the little ones it is the happiest morning of the year; to the parents whose hearts are not steel or stone, there comes a joy that is a deal above the common pleasures of earth; it brings recollections of another fireside—another and a purer time; as the little figures dart about the house, the room is brightened, and the light is not of the fire nor of the sun. A home without a Christmas stocking, when obtainable, is a home without religion, and the parent who would dispense with it deserves to have a "Christmas tree" hung about his neck and be cast into the sea. If God's angels ever come into the homes of mortals now, it is on Christmas morning when the stockings are full.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

National Garment Cutter.

I am sole Agent in Lincoln County for the National Garment Cutter, which was spoken so highly of by Bro. Barnes in the Interior Journal. Price, with full instructions, \$5. A home without a Christmas stocking, when obtainable, is a home without religion, and the parent who would dispense with it deserves to have a "Christmas tree" hung about his neck and be cast into the sea. If God's angels ever come into the homes of mortals now, it is on Christmas morning when the stockings are full.

THE NAPIER HOUSE,

LIBERTY, KY.,
 F. W. WARRINER, PROP'R.

I have leased the above Hotel and intend running it in first-class style in every particular. Special attention to commercial men. 88-2m

THE MCKINNEY HIGH SCHOOL!

—Will open again—
 On February 4th, 1889.

Many pupils have already engaged and the prospects are much better than last term for a full school. Our work is thorough, as is shown by the teachers who went out from us last year. We shall make a specialty of the ensuing term of the Common School and Teachers' Course, hence those expecting to teach could scarcely do better than enter our classes.

Rates from \$1.50 to \$3 per month.
 Mrs. M. F. DENNY, Principal.
 87-4t Assistant.

W. H. BRADY,

—Dealer In—
 FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS!

A Fresh Supply Always on Hand.

Elegant Baskets Prepared on short notice.

—I keep nothing but the very best.—
 —THE NEW—

English Kitchen!

No. 408 Jefferson street,
 Four doors below 4th Ave.,
 LOUISVILLE.

GEO. W. HINESLEY, Prop'r.

—Fine Orders a Specialty.
 Open Day and Night. Elegantly Furnished Rooms.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS! 5

Holiday Goods in Endless Variety!

—THE—

Largest and Nicest Holiday Stock ever Displayed

In Stanford; don't fail to make us a visit before you make your purchases. We have

PRESENTS

For all, old, young, great and small. You will find that our display of Ladies' and Gents'

Gold and Silver Watches,

JEWELRY and SILVERWARE,

Is unusually large and the latest styles and Novelties. And we are

HEADQUARTERS FOR SANTA CLAUS

For Writing Desks, Tablets and Portfolios, Plush Brush and Comb Sets, Shaving Sets, Photograph Albums, Manicure Sets in Plush and Leather.

Our line of Whisk-Holders and Xmas Cards can not be beat. Our house is the only Doll Emporium in this part of the country, from five cents up.

We have a large stock of Doll Buggies and the best Toy Wagons in the market.

Remember our headquarters is Opera House Block, opposite court-house.

McROBETS & STAGG.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

—That are—

Useful, Sensible, Beautiful,

For the Rich, the Poor, the old, the Young.

BOOKS!

Standard Books, Dickens', Thackeray's, Scott's and McCauley's, in Excellent Editions and

Astonishingly Low Prices.

Albums, Writing Desks in Wood and Leather, Cigar Cases, Ink Stands, Pocket Books, Card Cases,

Finely Decorated Cups and Saucers, Chinaware, Bisque Figures, Bronze Figures, Plush Novelties, in Manicure Sets, whisk Boomholders, Dressing Cases, work Boxes, Shaving Sets, Jewelry Cases, Dolls of every description, Picture Frames, etc. In CHRISTMAS CARDS our line is complete. Remember that our line of

GOODS ARE BRAND NEW

Throughout, that we guarantee prices and that we will not be undersold.

CROW & CO.,

McCinney, Ky.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the adulterated, low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

LEE F. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST, STANFORD, KENTUCKY. Office south side Main, two doors above Depot St.

C. A. BENEDICT & CO., Well Drillers & Pump Adjusters, STANFORD, KY. Wells drilled to order and Pumps furnished at factory prices.

SAW MILL FOR SALE! Also Land and Stock.

As I desire to leave Kentucky I will sell at great sacrifice a saw mill complete with two horse boilers and 20 horse engines, a saw works, 100 log wagon, 30 horse wagons, 1 buckboard, 1 spring wagon and harness, 3 yokes of cattle, 3 mules, 1 horse, 1000 bushels of wheat, 1000 bushels of corn, 1000 bushels of oats, 1000 bushels of hay, 1000 bushels of straw, 1000 bushels of grain, 1000 bushels of feed, 1000 bushels of stock, 1000 bushels of produce, 1000 bushels of other goods.

S. C. DAVIS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MT. VERNON, KY. Office west door to Whitehead's Drug Store. Special attention given to diseases of children.

JACKSON HOUSE, LONDON, KENTUCKY. CAPT. FRANK B. RILEY, PROPRIETOR. Thoroughly Renovated and Refurnished, First-Class Fare and Reliable Porters. Day and night trains are met by Police Porters, of this Popular House.

NEWCOMB HOTEL, MT. VERNON, KY. This old and well-known hotel still maintains its fine reputation. Comfortable accommodations, special attention to the traveling public.

O. H. M'ROBERTS, M. D., STANFORD, KY. Office on Lancaster Street, opposite Court-House.

Having removed to this place from Liberty, to practice his profession, O. H. M'Robert, M. D., has moved to the fact that he will be ready at all times to answer calls in town or country. Thirty years of his life were spent in Stanford and he desires it unnecessary to speak of his ability as a physician and surgeon. A share of the patronage of the people of Stanford and vicinity is solicited by him.

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Asthma; soothes irritation of the Larynx and Fauces; strengthens the Vocal Organs; allays soreness of the Lungs; prevents Consumption, and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pain in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman *Lightlight*, Morrilton, Ark. "I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until I was completely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Stanford, Conn.

Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me."—Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second St., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give so speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—John Lovell, 1237 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

She Met Him the Second Time.
De Wolf Hopper has the reputation of being the most credulous man that walks the streets. It is not that he is hoodwinked by applicants for charity, but he has a repugnance to giving any one a chance to say that he is stung. For all this it gives him a three cornered pain to know absolutely that he has been beaten. During his present engagement with the *Illustrated*, he was taking a stroll one afternoon and a woman met him on the street and asked if he could inform her which depot she should go to to get a train for Evanston. Mr. Hopper happened to know that Evanston was on the Northwestern road and he knew that the depot was on Kinzie street. All this he told the woman, and while he was doing so she suddenly burst into tears and informed the comedian that she was very desirous of reaching that point, but that she only had fifteen cents in money. As she was rather comely in looks and not badly dressed, Mr. Hopper at once concluded that it was a case of deserving charity, and he was not an instant in producing a silver dollar, which he pressed into her hand, saying: "Take this, ma'am; take this, it's all right; don't apologize and don't thank me." Mr. Hopper continued his walk. He was trying to count all the buildings in the city that were over eight stories high, and had reached the corner of Dearborn and Adams streets, when he heard a familiar voice say: "Excuse me, but I am a stranger here, and I wish you would direct me to the right depot for Englewood." Mr. Hopper gave her one look. It was the same woman who had accosted him two hours before. With a saddened voice he replied: "Yes, ma'am, I can. You take the train I directed you to about two hours ago for Evanston, and if you have good luck you will get there."—Chicago Herald.

A Great Genius.
A young lady went into the office of a literary magazine. "I have a pretty story," she said to the editor. "It is striking and strictly original." "Leave it," the editor growled. "Let me read it to you." "Not if you value your life!" the editor exclaimed. "I said that I must go home to my wife." "Well, let me tell you a part of the story: A young girl is sleeping in a hat factory. One day she stitches her name in the hat." "And afterward meets the fellow who buys the hat and marries him!" the editor exclaimed. "Oh, no. That night the factory catches fire and is burned up." "What! does no one rescue the hat and marry the girl?" "No." "Miss, your fortune is made. We want everything you write. You have done a great work for American literature."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Llamantable Tale.
These unfortunate beautiful llamas were taken away from their mamma, and in spite of their squeals and lacerated feelings were required to sleep in pajamas.

Hits from Amateur Novels.
A western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of a public school. Here are a few passages from the contributions: "Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends." "But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers." "My father desired me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gaming table." "Vat I tell you, vat I tell you!" shouted the Irishman.

A Poor Prescription.
Mr. Whiffles—Doctor, I tell you I have a sure cure for insomnia. I wish you would treat me for it, as it is almost impossible for me to get to sleep. Doctor—Certainly. My plan is very simple. As soon as you lie down at night begin to count, and keep on counting until you get to sleep. "Is counting all it is? Why, doctor, counting is just what I do every night of my life, and I don't put me to sleep at all." "Say! What do you count?" "Oh, household expenses, unpaid bills, time left on notes and all sorts of things."—Philadelphia Record.

Let Him Come Out.
Expert your talents and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness, drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out! I do and bark.—Dr. S. Johnson.

The Only Perfect Remedy
For habitual constipation, dyspepsia, and kindred ills is the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It strengthens as well as cleanses the system, it is easily taken, and perfectly harmless.

For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

Syrup of Figs
Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.
Some of Their Harrowing Matrimonial Experiences.

I suppose every husband is subject to what might be called "sudden fits," and I hope every wife tries to bear up under them with philosophical patience. The other Sunday morning, five minutes after Mr. Bowser had gone to his room to get ready for church, he roared at me (Mrs. Bowser) over the banister: "Mrs. Bowser, are you the woman of the house or only a lady boarder?" "Why, dear?" "Don't you dear me, Mrs. Bowser! If I pretended to be a housekeeper I'd look after things once in a while!" "Anything wrong?" "Anything wrong! Do I waste my breath in talking when everything is all right?" "What is it?" I asked as I reached the head of the stairs.

He held a clean shirt in one hand, and with the other he pointed to it with a dramatic flourish and whispered: "Buttons!" "Buttons—how?" "Not a solitary button on this shirt, and yet you find time to get down town every day. That's the kind of a wife you are!" "Mr. Bowser, do you mean shirt buttons?" "Do! You don't suppose I'm looking for overcoat buttons on my shirt, do you?"

"Well, then, you haven't had a shirt but you wear shirts for ten years. You and all other use collar buttons. Your collar buttons are in the shirt you have on." It struck him all in a heap. He saw how he had trapped himself, but he went to his room, muttering: "That's it! She always has an excuse ready for everything."

One awful hot day in July he spoke about changing his socks after his bath, and I told him in the plainest of English that he would find clean ones in his lowest bureau drawer. That night he came home and began: "Can you tell me what day during the next month will have two minutes to spare?" "Why?" "Because, if you ever get them, perhaps you can devote a few seconds to darning the holes in my socks. I've had to limp around all the afternoon on that account."

"Oh, no! You are such a model housekeeper that it can't be of course! Look here!" He pulled off his shoes and let him had on his heavy winter socks, every thread worn. There were two or three holes, but they were not to be darned until fall, of course.

"Mr. Bowser, where did you get those socks?" I asked. "Out of the trunk in the clothes press, of course." "And you go and put on January socks in July? You have six pairs of clean cotton socks in the lower drawer of the bureau." "I'll bet you \$10,000 there isn't even one pair there! I looked through every drawer five times over!" I took him up and showed him the socks, counting them out pair by pair, and he looked at me very seriously and observed: "Yes, I see 'em, but were they there when I looked for 'em? How easy for you to have sneaked up and placed 'em here an hour ago!"

He had some wearing apparel which he said I might see I love some toys for the baby. I got the clothes down and went through every pore at twice over. In one of the coats I found a receipted bill for \$36 worth of lumber, and I laid it on Mr. Bowser's desk. A man came for the clothes and took them away, and three hours later, when Mr. Bowser came home, I told him of my bargain.

"You got just half what he would have paid me," he replied, and the subject was dropped for half an hour. Then all of a sudden he jumped up and exclaimed: "You've finally done it, just as I expected you would!" "Done what?" "I remember that I left a valuable paper in that brown coat. It was a receipted lumber bill, and they may send the bill again any day!"

"I looked in the pockets." "Oh, yes, you looked! You looked just like any other wife who was a lucky to get the clothes out of the house and the money in her hand."

I went and got the receipt and asked him if that was the one. He grudgingly admitted that it was and added: "I presume the old clerk man found it and returned it. I must reward him for his honesty." It was only three nights ago that Mr. Bowser took \$5 from his wallet and handed it to me with the remark: "The man won't probably come with the oats until after I have gone in the morning. Take this and pay him." Next morning he sat down to breakfast looking so very sober that I asked: "Are you sick, Mr. Bowser?" "I ought to be. When people are robbed they are generally made sick."

"Have you been robbed?" "I have." "When?" "Last night." "For money?" "No, but some one got into our house." "I do not know. When I went to bed last night I had \$5 in my wallet. This morning I have only \$20." "You don't say!" "It seems very queer to me, Mrs. Bowser. If you want money why don't you ask for it?" "You don't think I took your money, do you?" "It's very mysterious."

"Why, yes, you gave me that five for the feed man."

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side of the stomach, and other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence St., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect, and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more wonderful results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry, peevish humor for years, and suffered terribly, and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tilton, (of Ferdinand, Ind.) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers St., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared, and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

LOUIS SCHLEGEL, PHOTOGRAPHER, RICHMOND, KY. Photographs in all styles and sizes. Pictures in India Ink, Crayon and Water Colors. New designs in Portraits and Views at very low prices.

LAND FOR SALE. 100 acres on the Somerset and Crab Orchard road half way between the two places. Well of good water at end of porch. Well fenced and as close as sheep. A good outlet for cattle, hogs and cream. W. G. WALLACE, Danbury Ky.

Mountain Lands! I have 600 acres, more or less, of Mountain, Coal and Timber land for sale. I would sell at a bargain. I have a store room to rent for a furniture and undertaking, hardware or tinners establishment. These are good for 40 days. For further information, write to C. W. METCALF, Barbourville, Ky.

FOR SALE. House and 25 Acres Land. Two miles South of Stanford on Neal's Creek Address me at Carlisle, Ky. W. CRAIG.

Kentucky Central R. R. "BLUE GRASS ROUTE." THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE FROM CENTRAL KENTUCKY To All Points NORTH, EAST, WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.

FAST LINE BETWEEN LEXINGTON & CINCINNATI. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 30, 1888.

South-Bound.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.
Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.
Lex. Covington.....	8:30 a.m.	8:25 p.m.	2:00 p.m.
Lex. Falmouth.....	10:05 a.m.	10:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.
Lex. Cincinnati.....	11:40 a.m.	12:10 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
Arr. Paris.....	11:40 a.m.	10:20 p.m.	5:10 p.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	12:20 p.m.	11:11 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Lex. Paris.....	11:50 a.m.	10:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.
Lex. Cincinnati.....	1:25 p.m.	12:15 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	1:20 p.m.	11:45 p.m.	7:10 p.m.
Lex. Richmond.....	5:00 p.m.
Arr. Lancaster.....	5:30 p.m.
Lex. Richmond.....	6:00 p.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	6:45 p.m.
North-Bound.	No. 3.	No. 1.	No. 5.
Lex. Livingston.....	8:00 a.m.
Lex. Berea.....	10:25 a.m.
Arr. Richmond.....	11:45 a.m.
Lex. Stanford.....	7:30 a.m.
Lex. Lancaster.....	8:10 a.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	8:40 a.m.
Lex. Lexington.....	1:00 p.m.
Lex. Lexington.....	1:30 p.m.
Lex. Winchester.....	1:50 p.m.
Lex. Lexington.....	2:15 p.m.
Lex. Lexington.....	3:00 p.m.
Lex. Lexington.....	3:40 p.m.
Lex. Lexington.....	4:00 p.m.
Lex. Lexington.....	4:40 p.m.
Arr. Covington.....	6:00 p.m.	11:35 a.m.	6:50 p.m.

On the day of the Branch, No. 6, leaves Paris at 8:30 a.m. and No. 11, at 5:30 p.m., arriving at Mayfield at 6:00 a.m. and 7:40 p.m. No. 10 leaves Mayfield at 6:00 a.m., arriving at Paris at 8:20 a.m. No. 12 leaves Mayfield at 1:05 p.m. and arrives at Paris at 3:25 p.m. These trains are daily except Sunday.

No. 33 leaves Covington at 8:30 a.m., arrives at Falmouth at 10:30 a.m.; Sunday only. No. 10 leaves Falmouth at 4:30 p.m., arrives at Covington at 6:30 p.m.; Sunday only. No. 15 leaves Lexington at 7:15 p.m., arrives at Paris at 7:55 p.m. No. 8 leaves Lexington at 7:55 p.m., arrives at Paris at 8:35 p.m. No. 7 leaves Falmouth at 1:05 a.m., arrives at Covington at 7:50 a.m.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. NOTE.—Trains at night side between Winchester, Lexington and Cincinnati; other trains are daily except Sunday. Direct connection is made at Winchester with Chesapeake & Ohio for Mr. Sterling, Ashland, Huntington, Charleston, W. Va. and Eastern cities. FAST LINE.—Nos. 1 and 2 run via Winchester. Solid trains with Pullman Sleeping Cars, between Cincinnati and Richmond, Va., and Winchester and Washington.

Through tickets and baggage checked to any destination reached by a railroad. For full particulars address any agent of the Co. E. H. BACON, E. E. MORSE, Traveling Pass'g' Agt., Gen'l Pass'g' Agt., Lexington, Ky. Covington, Ky. H. E. HUNTINGTON, General Manager. Gen' Offices. Covington, Kentucky.

COTTAGE FOR RENT!

My cottage on Upper Main street, Stanford, near to W. H. Huggins' residence, is a pleasant place next door, now occupied by Mr. J. P. Davis. Possession to be taken at any time and to be later on Nov. 1st. MRS. LOTTIE HODGINS. 7311

METCALF & HAYS. ATTYS. AT LAW & REAL ESTATE AGTS. BARBOURVILLE AND PINKVILLE, KY.

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THE LARGEST AND FINEST HOTEL IN THE CITY.

RATES \$2.50 TO \$4 PER DAY, ACCORDING TO ROOMS.

TURKISH & RUSSIAN BATHS IN HOTEL.

MYERS HOTEL, STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, PROPRIETOR.

This old and well-known Hotel still maintains its high reputation, and its Proprietor is determined that it shall be second to no country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to its Guests. Baggage conveyed to and from depot free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers.

LOYD & CO., MCKINNEY, KY.

For Drugs, Medicines, the famous Syrup of Figs and to get your prescriptions promptly and correctly filled at all hours, and to get your Staple Groceries, Fine Cigars, Toilet Articles, &c., go to Lloyd & Co., McKinney, Dr. J. A. WILLIAMS will attend to our drug department, also attend to the wants of the sick, night or day, in town or country.

NOTICE! TO THE CITIZENS OF LINCOLN COUNTY.

Having recently equipped a fine Roller Mill in the town of Stanford that we defy any Mill to equal in quality of flour, we think the citizens of the county should have county pride enough to patronize and sustain the same. We wish to inform whom it may concern that we are in the market to buy your wheat and corn and will always give the highest market price for same. We have added some new machinery to our corn meal department and can now make meal to suit any person. It cannot be equalled by any other mill in this vicinity. We solicit a trial in our flour and meal department. All having grain in our line for sale will please call at the Mill, where our agent will be found at all times, who will give the best prices for same. Bran and shipstuffs always in stock. W. N. POTTS, Supt., Stanford Roller Mill Co.

L. & N. LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

—The Great— THROUGH TRUNK LINE.

—To The— SOUTH & WEST.

—With— PULLMAN PALACE CARS.

Louisville To Nashville, Memphis, Atlanta, Montgomery, Little Rock, Mobile and New Orleans.

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EMIGRANTS Seeking homes on the line of this road will receive Special rates. See agents of this Company for rates, routes &c., or write to C. P. PATMORE, G. P. & T. A., Louisville, Ky.

Chesapeake & Ohio! PULLMAN CARS AND SOLID TRAINS.

EAST To Washington, Richmond and Old Point Comfort.

WEST To Louisville and Cincinnati.

Connection direct for all points in the WEST NORTH - WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.

IN EFFECT NOV. 13, '87.	No. 4.	No. 2.
Daily.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.
Lex. Louisville.....	7:00 p.m.	6:50 a.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	10:35 p.m.	11:30 a.m.
Lex. Louisville.....	8:40 p.m.	11:40 p.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	9:00 p.m.	11:50 p.m.
Lex. Louisville.....	10:35 a.m.	6:35 p.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	11:00 a.m.	7:00 p.m.
Lex. Louisville.....	11:40 a.m.	7:40 p.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	12:10 p.m.	8:10 p.m.
Lex. Louisville.....	12:40 p.m.	8:40 p.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	1:10 p.m.	9:10 p.m.
Lex. Louisville.....	1:40 p.m.	9:40 p.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	2:10 p.m.	10:10 p.m.
Lex. Louisville.....	2:40 p.m.	10:40 p.m.
Arr. Lexington.....	3:10 p.m.	11:10 p.m.

Lexington Division Trains run by Central 12 m. Main Line Trains east of Huntington run by East time, which is one hour faster than Central time.

ADDITIONAL TRAINS.—No. 11, daily except Sunday, leave Olive Hill 4:45 a.m.; Mt. Sterling 7:00 a.m.; arrive Lexington 8:35 a.m.; arrive at Cincinnati via Winchester 12:35 p.m.

No. 12, daily except Sunday, leave Cincinnati 2:00 p.m.; Lexington 3:35 p.m.; arrive Mt. Sterling 7:15 p.m.; Olive Hill 9:20 p.m.

No. 5, daily, leave Clifton Forge at 7:00 a.m.; Charleston 12:30 p.m.; arrive Ashland 5:40 p.m.; Cincinnati 11:17 p.m.

No. 6, daily leave Ashland 7:10 a.m.; arrive at Charleston 11:22 a.m.; Clifton Forge 7:30 p.m.

Pullman Sleeping Cars on all through trains. Old Dominion Steamships leave Norfolk on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:30 p.m. for New York. For Tickets, Rates, Information, etc., apply to ticket office or address W. C. WICKHAM, Receiver. Gen'l Pass. Agt. H. W. FULLER.

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Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Petroleum.

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A NEW FAST MAIL —Leaving Daily—

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Ever attempted between the great commercial cities on the Ohio River and the Gulf, since the fastest and most comfortable trains between all points in the South, to the West and Northwest. The convenience of this train on all trunk lines is demonstrated. The Limited Express. The superb rolling stock we employ gives patrons Unhindered Comfort.

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General Agents—Chicago, City Ticket Agents—Chicago, I. M. Beckner, 227 4th Ave., Louisville, Ky. E. A. Tinkner, 123 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE ORIGINAL WINS. C. F. Simmons, St. Louis, Prop'r. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine, Est'd 1845, in the U. S. Court defeats J. H. Zeller, Prop'r. A. Q. Simmons Liver Regulator, Est'd by Zeller 1867.

M. A. S. L. M. has for 47 years cured TYPHOID FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, LON, APPETITE, SOUR STOMACH, ETC. Rev. T. R. Reams, Pastor M. E. Church, Adams, Tenn., writes: "I think I should have been dead but for your Genuine M. A. S. Simmons Liver Medicine. I have sometimes had to substitute 'Zeller's stuff' for your Medicine, but it doesn't answer the purpose."

Dr. J. R. Graves, Editor <

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NOT HIS OWN.

The Story of Bob's Temptation and Its Lesson.



COLD day in winter in a small market town, snow on the ground. A girl, looking out of a window over a small fancy shop thinks it all very dreary. She has an anxious face for one so young, for she is not more than fifteen years old.

A year ago Agnes Burton's father died, leaving a delicate wife and two children in poor circumstances. Agnes had been well taught, and had profited by the opportunities she had had, and Mrs. Burton's great anxiety was to give Robert, a lively, mischievous boy of ten years, the best education possible. They moved to Thornley in order that he should attend a small grammar-school there, and Agnes worked very hard to earn the money to pay his schooling by teaching the four little children belonging to Mrs. Procter, over whose shop they lodged. But Mrs. Burton, always delicate, had fallen quite ill, and Agnes had a great deal to do to keep her shoulders. She was now watching anxiously for Robert's return from school.

And where was Robert? Afternoon school had been over more than an hour, and the boys had got tired of snow-balling one another, and had most of them gone home. But in a side street leading out of the market-place three or four little boys were looking into a small shop where "pure sweets" of a truly terrible appearance, large and many-colored, were sold, together with toys and a nondescript collection of articles.

Yes, there were four little boys, all looking as if their money would burn a hole in their pockets if they passed this so delightful shop without buying anything. And one of these boys was Robert Burton. He stood, hands in pockets, solemnly staring in at the window. The other three boys were evidently trying to persuade him to do something for which he was not quite prepared.

"Now, really, Bob, come! It's your turn to-day," said a merry, roguish-looking boy, a little older than the rest. "I've nothing in my pocket."

"Nor I," said Pat Lancer.

"And I've only a penny," said little Maurice, the youngest of the four, putting his hand on Robert's shoulder. "And I know Bob's got a whole shilling, because he told me so."

"Have you now, Bob?" said Pat.

"Well, yes," said Bob. His face wore a curious expression, partly pride at being able to acknowledge that he was the possessor of so large a sum of money, partly discomfort.

"But I can't spend it," came from him rather feebly.

"Don't spend it?" cried the other boys. "A whole shilling, and not spend a penny on his friends! Well! I call that mean!" said Pat.

"And stingy," observed Maurice.

"Stop that, youngsters!" shouted Robert, shaking off little Maurice. "What business is it of yours? My money's my own, I suppose."

But he never told them what would have made it all easy; that the money was none of his own, but had been given him by his father.

After supper Old Bill sat down to grease his newly-made harness strings. Kit and I naturally fell into conversation; no, not naturally, for the blood-troubling fluid kept mounting to my face, and my great red hands kept getting in each other's way. But I managed to talk, especially when the girl's cordial air had placed me more at ease.

"I have some books that I can lend you," she said. "I have a few very old ones full of poetry and songs. I had great work, I know, in protecting one of them. It was at a time when leather had suddenly become scarce. Father's passion for harness strings (here she gave the old man a glance of mischief) naturally drove him to my choice book, bound in leather. He wanted the binding for harness strings, and I do believe that book would have been sacrificed had not succeeded in persuading him that the binding was not strong enough for his purpose."

We had talked but a little while longer when the old man got up, put his can of grease on a shelf, washed his hands in a pan in which he had soaked the leather, and remarked:

"Well, folks, it's bed-time."

"Well, folks, it's bed-time. Kit, we've got to hussle out early in the mornin'! Zeb, we've got a good deal of sawin' to do tomorrow."

I knew what this meant and immediately took my departure. The night was beautiful—at least, it must have been. I don't see how there could, at that time, have been any other than a beautiful night. The weather was cold, and I don't know but a sleet was falling, yet, above it all, arises the fact that to me the night was beautiful.

I do not think that I was so handy at my work the next day, for once Old Bill cried out: "Look sharp there, Zeb, what air you studyin' about?"

Blind old man. He did not know. I went and waited for the old man to ask me to his house again, but he did not. Any play-boy in the neighborhood was welcome there, but as I previously remarked, Old Bill, with quite an un-American spirit, I must say, held himself greatly above the boys who worked for him.

One day the old man, with great flurry, declared that he had left his pipe at home. "I will go and bring it for you!" I exclaimed, and without waiting to hear any reply, either of remonstrance or agreement, I leaped over the low rail fence that surrounded the mill yard, and set out at a brisk walk along the road that wound among the great trees. Was there ever so long a distance? At last I saw the house. Kit opened the door for me. She blushed. I wondered why a young girl should blush upon seeing so strapping and awkward a fellow. I told her of my mission, and then we both began to talk of the books we both loved so well. Ah! What is sweeter, and what can be purer than the unadorned backwoodsman's love of books? I suddenly thought of the long time I was staying, and sprang to my feet. As I hurried along the road a sweet remembrance came to me. It was that Kit and I should meet the next Sunday at a place which we had appointed.

When I arrived at the mill the old man, pretty angry he was, too, demanded the reason why I had staid so long.

"I came upon a man whose wagon had broken down in the road," I replied, "and helped him to mend it."

What a lie—yes, what a pardonable lie. The cold frown of winter was softened into the warm smile of spring. Kit and I had often met. She had promised to be my wife—I had held her in my arms. Old Bill suspected nothing; at least he said nothing, but I knew that in his ignorance he would not consent to our marriage. One day when I met Kit in the woods I found her much excited.

"What is the matter, angel?" I asked.

"Oh, something awful has happened," she replied. "Father found the last letter you sent to me and got some one to read it to him. He didn't say any thing, but a terrible light shone in his eyes."

"I don't be afraid, little girl," I said. "He likes me, I think, and when he sees that we are determined he will give in. There, now, don't be afraid."

I went to the mill as usual the next day. The old man had not arrived. I did not dread his coming. Love had made me brave. He came after awhile. He walked straight up to me.

"Good morning," I said.

Great God, he shot me! Weeks passed before I knew any thing. I lay in a little cabin where I boarded. Winter came, and I grew able to walk about the room. I had heard that Kit was a close confined prisoner. One night, the night before Christmas, there came a violent knock at my door. I opened the door and staggered back. It was Old Bill.

"Kit wants to see you," he said. "I brought the wagon. Come."

I went with him. Neither of us spoke. When we reached the house I could hardly mount the door-step. I went in. There was Kit lying on a bed. Oh, what a change. I sank upon my knees at the bedside, and tried to take her wasted hands, but she wound her arms about my neck. My face lay upon the glorious hair from which the smile, when I first saw her, had seemed to fall.

"Angel," I whispered.

"She pressed me closer."

"Angel," I whispered.

"Closer she pressed me—closer, closer, and then the pressure was gone—the arms fell. I don't know how long I knelt there, but when I lifted my head the sunlight of a glorious Christmas morning streamed through the window. Just then a man entered. 'Look here,' he said, opening the door. I looked out and saw Old Bill hanging from a tree."

"The mill boys," the man whispered.

OH! P. READ.

SPICE OF THE SEASON.

This Christmas time comes on apace and charity begins to hum.

The prettiest thing in a stocking Christmas morning is a pretty girl's foot.

When Kris Kriagle comes down the chimney it scolds Kris and the children as well.

Santa Claus is said to be of German origin. His favorite oath, we presume, is "By Chimney."

The partridge knows that Christmas is coming; and so does the young man and so does the girl.

A FACTIOUS divine got so many Christmas slippers that he said: "Do ladies think me a centipede?"

A CHRISTMAS belle—The girl with the ring in her voice who will always chime in when any thing is tolled.

With many people Christmas presents will only come through the imagination, which will enable them to exhibit great presents of mind.

There is nothing the matter with the small boy who presents his mother with a pair of felt slippers for Christmas. He is just a smart boy, that is all.

The custom of having a rousing big Christmas dinner is not only an ancient one, but it is the most universal of any custom known to the civilized world.

Talk about old trusts, rubber trusts, coal trusts, etc., as much as you like, but what we want about holiday time is a turkey or goose trussed.—Boston Courier.

REMEMBER that a Christmas gift gains no ring in significance by being costly, and that to seek to outdo others in pecuniary outlay, simply because you have the means, is vulgar.

"Ah, my son," said the minister, "I'm glad to see you in the Sunday-school at last. Is this your first Sunday?" "Yes, sir."

"How do you like it?" "Oh, guess I kin stand it until after the Christmas tree,"—Tribune.

As CHRISTMAS approaches, the young man who has been teasing his toes, and lounging on the best parlor sofa, tries to get up a quarrel with his girl so as to escape bunkering himself on a Christmas present.

MOXTERARY: "Good morning, Mrs. Gaddy, shopping, I see?" Mrs. Gaddy: "Yes; I've been picking up a few little things for Christmas." C: "I haven't seen Mr. Gaddy on 'Change' lately." Mrs. G. (laconically): "I have!"

WHEN a confused reporter at a swell party stumbled against the piano keys, making a loud noise, he explained that his business was taking notes.

MADE OF Orleans—Molasses candy.

THE MILL BOYS.

An Interesting Autobiography by One of Them.



I AM going to tell a bit of my own experience—an experience that I am not likely to forget. My name has not a single vine or leaf of romance clinging about its sound; in short, my name is Zeb Brown. I was brought up in the country, without the advantages of education, but by the light of a brush fire I contrived to read a few old books; and permit me to say that a close acquaintance was about as ignorant a man as I had ever seen, except, possibly, my father, who, after the extremest effort, could not have spelled dog.

A short time after I had attained my majority, which indeed was all I did attain—I went over into a distant neighborhood and began work at a saw-mill. The owner of the mill—Old Bill Plunkett—was a brusque old fellow; and, so far as books were concerned, was about as ignorant a man as I had ever seen, except, possibly, my father, who, after the extremest effort, could not have spelled dog.

Old Bill seemed to respect me, not because I could read and write and cipher a little upon a pinch, but because I was a very strong and active young fellow and consequently very handy in rolling logs.

One day after I had lifted the end of a log which had been declared to be beyond the strength of any man in the party, Old Bill invited me to go home and take supper with him. This was a surprise, for he had never shown so great a preference to any of the other boys, holding himself, as he did, greatly above them. I went. He lived about two miles from the mill, not in a frame house as you would suppose from the fact that he owned a saw-mill, but in an old log house daubed with clay and not well daubed either. He hadn't much to say as we walked along the road, and just as soon as we had entered the house, instead of extending to me the courtesy of conversation, he fell to cutting lame strings from a piece of leather which he took down from the clock shelf.

Some time elapsed before any one else entered the room. Then, after light footsteps in an adjoining room, there entered a girl. As soon as I saw her I knew that I must have looked like a fool. What could you expect of a green young fellow, unused to the society of ladies? I say what could you expect of such a young fellow upon beholding a girl whose face must have been a pleasant-contemplation to the creative god of beauty, and with hair—ah, what hair! Its silken threads flit across my face now and sink my vision.

"Kit," said the old man, squinting at his leather to see if he was cutting straight, "this here is Zeb Brown what works for me."

She dropped a graceful courtesy—she could not have dropped another kind—and gave me a smile that seemed to have dropped down from the glorious brightness of her hair.

"Kit," said the old man, "Zeb will eat supper with us. She ain't got no mother," he added, turning to me, "an' haster 'tend ter every thing here!"

Supper was soon announced. How well I remember that meal, and how awkwardly did I acquit myself. I turned over a pitcher of butter-milk; upset a molasses jug and dropped a plate of butter cakes in my lap. Kit blushed and I knew that she was ashamed of me, but for me. The old man burst out laughing. "W'y," said he, after he had, with the violence of his outburst, blown corn-bread crumbs all over the table, "you ken handle a pine log better than you ken a pan cake."

Blind old man. He knew not the cause of my awkwardness.

After supper Old Bill sat down to grease his newly-made harness strings. Kit and I naturally fell into conversation; no, not naturally, for the blood-troubling fluid kept mounting to my face, and my great red hands kept getting in each other's way. But I managed to talk, especially when the girl's cordial air had placed me more at ease.

"I have some books that I can lend you," she said. "I have a few very old ones full of poetry and songs. I had great work, I know, in protecting one of them. It was at a time when leather had suddenly become scarce. Father's passion for harness strings (here she gave the old man a glance of mischief) naturally drove him to my choice book, bound in leather. He wanted the binding for harness strings, and I do believe that book would have been sacrificed had not succeeded in persuading him that the binding was not strong enough for his purpose."

We had talked but a little while longer when the old man got up, put his can of grease on a shelf, washed his hands in a pan in which he had soaked the leather, and remarked:

"Well, folks, it's bed-time."

"Well, folks, it's bed-time. Kit, we've got to hussle out early in the mornin'! Zeb, we've got a good deal of sawin' to do tomorrow."

I knew what this meant and immediately took my departure. The night was beautiful—at least, it must have been. I don't see how there could, at that time, have been any other than a beautiful night. The weather was cold, and I don't know but a sleet was falling, yet, above it all, arises the fact that to me the night was beautiful.

I do not think that I was so handy at my work the next day, for once Old Bill cried out: "Look sharp there, Zeb, what air you studyin' about?"

Blind old man. He did not know. I went and waited for the old man to ask me to his house again, but he did not. Any play-boy in the neighborhood was welcome there, but as I previously remarked, Old Bill, with quite an un-American spirit, I must say, held himself greatly above the boys who worked for him.

One day the old man, with great flurry, declared that he had left his pipe at home. "I will go and bring it for you!" I exclaimed, and without waiting to hear any reply, either of remonstrance or agreement, I leaped over the low rail fence that surrounded the mill yard, and set out at a brisk walk along the road that wound among the great trees. Was there ever so long a distance? At last I saw the house. Kit opened the door for me. She blushed. I wondered why a young girl should blush upon seeing so strapping and awkward a fellow. I told her of my mission, and then we both began to talk of the books we both loved so well. Ah! What is sweeter, and what can be purer than the unadorned backwoodsman's love of books? I suddenly thought of the long time I was staying, and sprang to my feet. As I hurried along the road a sweet remembrance came to me. It was that Kit and I should meet the next Sunday at a place which we had appointed.

When I arrived at the mill the old man, pretty angry he was, too, demanded the reason why I had staid so long.

"I came upon a man whose wagon had broken down in the road," I replied, "and helped him to mend it."

What a lie—yes, what a pardonable lie. The cold frown of winter was softened into the warm smile of spring. Kit and I had often met. She had promised to be my wife—I had held her in my arms. Old Bill suspected nothing; at least he said nothing, but I knew that in his ignorance he would not consent to our marriage. One day when I met Kit in the woods I found her much excited.

"What is the matter, angel?" I asked.

"Oh, something awful has happened," she replied. "Father found the last letter you sent to me and got some one to read it to him. He didn't say any thing, but a terrible light shone in his eyes."

"I don't be afraid, little girl," I said. "He likes me, I think, and when he sees that we are determined he will give in. There, now, don't be afraid."

I went to the mill as usual the next day. The old man had not arrived. I did not dread his coming. Love had made me brave. He came after awhile. He walked straight up to me.

"Good morning," I said.

Great God, he shot me! Weeks passed before I knew any thing. I lay in a little cabin where I boarded. Winter came, and I grew able to walk about the room. I had heard that Kit was a close confined prisoner. One night, the night before Christmas, there came a violent knock at my door. I opened the door and staggered back. It was Old Bill.

"Kit wants to see you," he said. "I brought the wagon. Come."

I went with him. Neither of us spoke. When we reached the house I could hardly mount the door-step. I went in. There was Kit lying on a bed. Oh, what a change. I sank upon my knees at the bedside, and tried to take her wasted hands, but she wound her arms about my neck. My face lay upon the glorious hair from which the smile, when I first saw her, had seemed to fall.

"Angel," I whispered.

"She pressed me closer."

"Angel," I whispered.

"Closer she pressed me—closer, closer, and then the pressure was gone—the arms fell. I don't know how long I knelt there, but when I lifted my head the sunlight of a glorious Christmas morning streamed through the window. Just then a man entered. 'Look here,' he said, opening the door. I looked out and saw Old Bill hanging from a tree."

"The mill boys," the man whispered.

OH! P. READ.

SPICE OF THE SEASON.

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When Kris Kriagle comes down the chimney it scolds Kris and the children as well.

Santa Claus is said to be of German origin. His favorite oath, we presume, is "By Chimney."

The partridge knows that Christmas is coming; and so does the young man and so does the girl.

A FACTIOUS divine got so many Christmas slippers that he said: "Do ladies think me a centipede?"

A CHRISTMAS belle—The girl with the ring in her voice who will always chime in when any thing is tolled.

With many people Christmas presents will only come through the imagination, which will enable them to exhibit great presents of mind.

There is nothing the matter with the small boy who presents his mother with a pair of felt slippers for Christmas. He is just a smart boy, that is all.

The custom of having a rousing big Christmas dinner is not only an ancient one, but it is the most universal of any custom known to the civilized world.

Talk about old trusts, rubber trusts, coal trusts, etc., as much as you like, but what we want about holiday time is a turkey or goose trussed.—Boston Courier.

REMEMBER that a Christmas gift gains no ring in significance by being costly, and that to seek to outdo others in pecuniary outlay, simply because you have the means, is vulgar.

"Ah, my son," said the minister, "I'm glad to see you in the Sunday-school at last. Is this your first Sunday?" "Yes, sir."

"How do you like it?" "Oh, guess I kin stand it until after the Christmas tree,"—Tribune.

As CHRISTMAS approaches, the young man who has been teasing his toes, and lounging on the best parlor sofa, tries to get up a quarrel with his girl so as to escape bunkering himself on a Christmas present.

MOXTERARY: "Good morning, Mrs. Gaddy, shopping, I see?" Mrs. Gaddy: "Yes; I've been picking up a few little things for Christmas." C: "I haven't seen Mr. Gaddy on 'Change' lately." Mrs. G. (laconically): "I have!"

WHEN a confused reporter at a swell party stumbled against the piano keys, making a loud noise, he explained that his business was taking notes.

MADE OF Orleans—Molasses candy.

ALLEGED HUMOR.

SUBTLE.



"Don't call me Mr. Lovell, Miss Malcolm. Call me Cornelius!"

"I'd call you Corn if—if—"

"If I thought, Ethel!"

"If I thought you'd pop."

And he popped.

A Close Shave.

"Oh, I could see it for three months past," he said to a fellow passenger in a Michigan avenue car yesterday.

"Sure that the Republicans were going to win, eh?"

"Just as sure as I was that I was alive."

"Didn't never doubt!"

"Never. I knew it was to be."

"Say, mister!" said a little old woman with a basket on the opposite side, "a fellow who knows a thing and won't bet \$5 to \$100 that he knows it, comes mighty close to being a duffer and don't you forget it!"

And as he got off the car he looked as if he wouldn't.—Detroit Free Press.

He Made It a Success.

"Do you believe marriage is a failure, Miss Phyllis?" he asked, as he leaned over the back of her chair, watching her fly handily to and fro through the brightly-colored wool.

"Really, Mr. Dukes," was the hesitating reply, "I have never had an adequate opportunity of testing—that is—I prefer not to express an opinion until—"

"Miss Phyllis," he kindly interrupted her, "you express my own opinion exactly. When shall we enter upon the experiment?"

"Whenever you like," was the demure reply.—Judge.

Why He Went South.

Wiggins—And so you are going South to spend the winter, Algy?

Baboon—Aw, yass; my constitution, ye know, is too delicate to stand the rigors of this climate.

Wiggins—But there's your fur-lined overcoat!

Baboon—That's just the trouble, dear boy. Nobody but a cart-man could endure the fatigue of wearing that garment; and yet if I stayed here I wouldn't dare to appear on the streets in any thing else!—Life.

Rather Cool.

Jones—This is rather cool for November, isn't it, Mr. Smith?

Smith—No, indeed. Several years ago, when I was a young man, I found it cooler in August than it is now.

Jones—You must have been searching for the North Pole then!

Smith—You are mistaken. I kissed a Boston schoolmarm, and her spectacles froze to my mustache before our lips met.—Arcola Record.

A Venerable Toad.

Local antiquarians and zoologists are enchanted at present with a live toad found in the course of railway excavations at Greenock, Scotland. The toad is from 20,000 to 30,000 years old, as the stratum of clay in which it was found certainly dates from the glacial period. Its mouth is sealed up. It breathes slightly through the nostrils, and, though the eyes are quite expressive, it does not seem to see.—Scientific American.

He'd go on a Bet.

"Helloa, Bromley, that isn't the fair thing! You promised that if your side lost the election, you'd shave off your whisker."

"Well, haven't I?"

"Yes,

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Hostonville will be held at their banking house in Hostonville on the 2d Tuesday in January, 1889, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the 2d Tuesday in January, 1889, for the purpose of electing eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year.

JHON I. McROBERTS, Cashier.

TO HORSEMEN!

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Two Cute Cat Tales.

It was in the Hoffman house. "I once owned a cat," said a stranger from the blue grass regions, "that lived on corn—not the distilled kind, but regular cracked corn—that is to say, I supposed for a long time that the cat lived on it, because I saw her eating it. But I watched her one day and found that she just took the corn in her mouth and didn't swallow it. I followed her around, and sure as I stand here that cat went into another yard where there were lots of pigeons and spread the corn in front of an old water barrel. After she'd got her bait set all right she'd crouch behind the barrel and pounce upon the first pigeon that came within reach of her paw. She was a cat as was a cat."

"Yes," assented the stranger, with a sarcastic smile, "but she was nothing to the cats I've seen in Texas. I remember my father had an old brindle cat that had the true sporting blood in her veins. She'd scorn to set a trap for anything, and would sooner starve than fish for her dinner with bait. I was a little fellow at the time, and my chief amusement was breaking windows with a tiny bow and arrows my grandfather made me. The cat and I were great chums, and she used to follow me like a dog whenever I went out with the bow. One day the cat disappeared, together with the bow and arrows, and it wasn't long afterward before we began to find dead birds piled up in stacks on the back stoop. The mystery was solved one morning when the cat was detected coming home with a brace of wild geese slung over her back. From that time out my principal delight was to go out shooting with the cat. She became one of the finest shots in Texas, and kept the family well supplied with game. She died like a true sportsman, with her boots on. It happened that when she was out after bigger game than usual the gun burst—I mean the bow burst—well, anyhow, good evening, gentlemen. I have an appointment with a bookmaker who owes me a little balance of \$10,000 on yesterday's races. Sorry I can't stay longer."

"Who was that?" asked the Kentuckian, gasping for breath and swallowing a tumbler of water in his excitement. "That," said the bartender, making another chalk mark on the long row, "that was Col. Tom Ochiltree."—Mr. Grundy.

A Counterfeit Presentation.



Waiter (gorgeously attired, to young lady at table)—May I have ze pleasure to—Young Lady—Well, really, sir, my card is about full, and—Waiter—To bring ze cup of ze coffee? Young Lady (discovering his identity)—Certainly, stupid.—Harper's Bazar.

Rules in a Frontier Hotel.

In the hall and nailed in a conspicuous place was a board upon which was pasted a long and formidable set of rules that would have terrified any northern visitor entering Helena for the first time. The following extracts from the rules I here quote from memory for the purpose of affording the reader some idea of the exact nature of the regulations of the hotel in question as they appeared in print:

"Rule 1—Guests must pony up 1 dollar and 3 bits before sinin the book."
"Short bits don't kownt beer. No nicks—nor paper cents taken."
"Guests will love their weepin' so's they'll not go off in the nite."
"Sope & towel will be found neer wairin' tref."
"No fitin or shutin allowed in the bed rumes."
"Guests must sine their names every day & pay accordingly."
"Enny guest how int satisfied with these rules must mossey or stand the consequences."—Boston Courier.

The Kind of Ology That Pays.

Reporter—There is not a very large house to-night.
Manager—No, Professor Lordlover doesn't generally draw much of a crowd.
Reporter—What is his profession?
Manager—Anthropology. Professor Bigarna has the hall for to-morrow evening, and he will no doubt be greeted with a big house.

Reporter—What his specialty?

Manager—Fisiology.—Yankee Blade.

Business vs. Pleasure.

Mother—Goodness me! Is that Irene at the piano?

Little Son—Yes, ma.

"Well, go ask her what she is doing. If she is practicing, she can keep on until the hour is up; but if she is playing, tell her to stop."—Philadelphia Record.

A German Compliment.



You, Lady—If you don't stop paying me compliments, I'll put my hands over my ears.
The Herr Professor—Ach! Mees Chones, zey are too schmall!—Harper's Bazar.

BILL NYE INTERVIEWS SULLIVAN.

Some Interesting Information About John L.'s Literary Life.

"If not asking too much, colonel," I said, scratching a match on the leg of the great litterateur and lighting my cigar with it, "I would like to know your literary habits and hours of work, together with your portrait for publication. It would do no harm at all, and it would tickle the reading public just about to death."

"Oh, certainly—certainly. The papers has always stood in with me, and I am ready to tell what I know that'll jerk the literator out of the soap."

"Well, now, colonel, would you mind telling me whether your work is inspirational or perfunctory?"

"No. It's none of them at all. At least that's my idea about it. The janitor tends to that. I just write."

"THE WRITER BY THE POUND." "I know; but is your work easy? Do you write rapidly as Howells and I do, or is it like having a felon? In other words, do the children of your brain keep you awake nights? Do you write a sentence and then go to the hospital, or do you turn out copy by the pound?"

"Oh, yes, of course. That's it. I always did turn out my stuff by the pound. I didn't understand you at first. Yes, my work is for the paper and knocks the spiral springs out of me."

"One more question, colonel," I went on, as I ate a few caramels from the half open drawer of his desk; "how does a thought first come to you? Does it come stealthily upon you—the way it reaches Browning, or is it born with a full set of teeth and side whiskers, as it comes to the think tank of Lord Tennyson?"

"I guess I don't tumble, Petie. I can't seem to say, as we say, 'I thought you came here to talk about literature and things.'"

"Well, I did, colonel—I did. But what the people want to know is your methods of thought, so that they can do it themselves. See? As soon as the young writers know how a think is thought the difficulty is over. Well, now we aim to get all the various methods together and then write 'em up for 'em to read, but himself if he doesn't succeed. See?"

"Yes." "Well, now, you understand, if one writer puts his feet in hot water with mustard in it and ties a red yarn string around his thumb, we take that and use it with our other information, and thus we get a good idea of how to do any kind of writing. I've also want to know, as I say, how thoughts come to each literary wonder, and so I ask you that question. Do your best thoughts come to you early in the morning, when the dew is on the heather and the little song birds are paying attention to each other, or at eventide, when the shrill cry of the dew-dew is borne across the bosom of the silent night?"

"Oh, now you touch me. I get on to your under style. Yes, of course, Christopher Columbus—yes. You talk so much like Sylvanus Cobb that I'll swear at first I didn't follow you at all. Well, I think my best thought is in the morning. In the evening my thinker is confused. I would rather do something else in the evening. Morning is good enough for me. When I was in France, one morning last summer, quite early, about daylight, after having fun with Mr. Mitchell, I had a bully thought. I thought I would go home. I'm glad I did it—always will be glad. I think it saved my life."

"Yes?"

"Yes!"

"Well, colonel, let me ask you, in your work, what writers do you read most to give you style and finish? Do you prefer the old times of almost forgotten lore? Do you read mostly Xenophon and Plutarch and Cambrides, or do you prefer such men as James?"

"I don't care a cuss for the pharmacy fellers you speak of so far as that goes, and as for James, I've always said he ought to be doin' time in Missouri fifteen years ago."

"Well, colonel, would you just as soon give me an idea of your literary habits right through, say for one day?"

"Yes, of course. I get up tolerable early and stay up tolerable late. I get up when I feel like it, under my present literary a. I then I gather up things I've shied the night before and put them on for the day. I do not drink any more, but the night air is bad on me, and there don't seem to be anything else for a man to breathe after dark, so I breathe large quantities of it. Then I come home kind of wanderin' in my mind and put my watch in the water pitcher to cool it off, and seek to bury my brow in my vest pocket."

"Did you ever write for the magazines?"

"No, I have never wrote for the magazines. I was afraid they might print my stuff on account of my popularity, and I want to be judged on my merits. I have fought my way to the front as you may say, and have contrived a good many people right in the face and eyes of opposition. I've got where I am without the use of my grandfather, Petie. I'm here on the panmuckle of fame with my feet hangin' over the aige, not becaz I was a Van Tinkeybob or a Kill Von Cull, but becaz I got there with my bare hands in the face of opposition. You hear me foot? What I've wrote has been the throbin' of a pure soul, the gasin' in of a big red heart, the drippin' of more honest brain dressin' than you'd generally stagger up against in a day's meander."

"True—true."

"You bet your third stomach it's true."

"But now to return to your habits; do you notice that you think better or more durable thoughts if you adhere to a certain style of diet?"

"Which?"

"Do you, I ask, notice that your thoughts are of a higher order and ranker, as you might say, if you eat farinaceous or endogenous food?"

"No; I don't care in. I lose my ante on that. Shake 'em up once more, will you?"

"I say do you think freer and more luxuriously when you confine yourself almost exclusively to carnivorous food, staple groceries or the flora and fauna of Boston?"

"That's twice I drawed widout gillin'. Take the buttons."

"Well, do you eat oatmeal or pork and beans?"

"Oh, blow me, as Mitchell says. Why, I eat anything but oatmeal. Oatmeal is no good for a literary man nor anybody else."

"As it was now growing late, and I saw that Col. Sullivan was beginning to flidget about his editorial for the following issue, I came softly away.—Bill Nye in New York World.

An attractive centerpiece is a fruit holder with a cameo bowl and silver frame in Assyrian style, upheld by two meditating cunids.

"Not His Own." Concluded from 5th page.

"Sevenpence!" almost shouted the green-grocer. "Well! What next! Have you got any pineapples or grapes to give away? I wonder you have not asked me."

Poor Bob was out of the shop like a shot before he could say more.

"I say, John," called out the green-grocer's more amiable spouse from the little room behind the shop, "you shouldn't have spoke so rough, you shouldn't, now. That there was the little boy of the widow as lodges over Mrs. Procter's shop. I dare say he wanted the grapes for his ma. She do fall very much, they say."

"Boy of the widow," replied her husband, in a gruff but slightly relenting voice. "How was I to know that? Boys is all alike, and bother enough at all times."

Quite a mile and a half from the town on the high road was a poor little, boy wandering on he knew not where. When he left the green-grocer's his heart seemed to die within him. Bitterly indeed did he regret his fault. Most tenderly did he love his mother, and his young mind was full of sorrow at the thought that she would not have the fruit which he knew would refresh her through the night.

"Oh! I wish I'd thought of it before. I can't go home," he said to himself, and on he wandered. But it was getting very dark, and he was cold and frightened, when a wagon coming along the road stopped close to him. Something was wrong with the harness, and a waggoner with a cherry voice called out: "Hullo, boy! You come and help I."

Bob, though small, was handy and dexterous, and helped with a will. But now and then a sob burst from him that he could not control, and on the waggoner's turning his lantern full on him, with a "Hullo! youngster. What's up?" conscience-stricken Bob told him all.

The man listened patiently, and then, bursting into a gruff laugh, said: "And so you thought to mend matters by running away! And I suppose you think that as your mother's got to go without her grapes, you'd better foller it up by losin' her boy for her, too? Well, that's sensible, that is, and likely to do her a power of good, I should say! No, no; right's right, and wrong's wrong, any day. And I tell 'ee what," he added, fumbling in his capacious pocket, "threepence you lost of your sister's money, and twopence you spent of what wasn't your own, that'll never bring you fortune, never in this world. Two and three make five, and five is five, and for ye," continued the honest waggoner, with a slight sigh, thrusting the pence into the boy's hand. "There, something will have to be done without that, that's all," he said, as if to himself in an undertone, "but it's for the widow and orphan, and I gives it willing, I do." And then in a very decided tone to him.

"And you jump in, young master, and I'll put you down at your door and see you in."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Bob.

"Now I've got the money I don't mind."

"Mind you up and tell 'em the whole truth about it at once," said the man, rather sternly: "do ye hear me, at once?"

Shortly after Agnes was hugging in her arms a very penitent and nearly frozen little boy, and only half heard the chery "Good-night, miss," of the kindly waggoner who had brought Robert to his right mind and to his home. Many and many a time did they look out for him, and Robert never forgot that afternoon and the good lesson in a few homely words he had received. But they never saw him again.—Little Folks.

It Broadened Her.

"You enjoyed your summer abroad, didn't you, Mrs. Moneybags?"

"Oh, very, very much, indeed! We had a charming time and acquired so much information. One gains so much by attrition, by coming into contact with other minds and other scenes, don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. You went to Paris?"

"Oh, Paris, dear Paris! Can I ever forget it? We were there nine delightful days and spent seven of them at Worth's—think of it!"

"And you spent some time in London?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, indeed! London is quite remarkable how plainly London ladies dress. We were so surprised every time we rode in the park. But I don't think I ever ate such delicious soups as we had there. We have talked about them ever since."

"Did you go to any of the famous watering places?"

"Oh, yes, to quite a number, and there again we were surprised. The ladies at Newport and Bar Harbor dress so very much more and in so much better taste than at English summer resorts. It is really quite remarkable how great the difference is."

"You didn't get to Rome, did you?"

"Oh, yes; but we found it very dull there. Do you know I actually spent three of the four days I was there trying to find a milliner who could make me a decent bonnet and I had to give it up at last. Oh, Rome is horrid. But, take it all in all, Europe is charming and you've no idea how it broadens and expands one's mind to spend a season or two abroad."—Time.

Sorry They Spoke.

"Think twice before you speak once!" is an old adage that has been a thousand times justified. It is the thoughtless speaker whose tongue continually leads him away.

Mr. James T. Fields relates an anecdote of an English guest who at a breakfast table declined sugar with his coffee.

"I never take sugar unless the coffee is very, very bad indeed, you know," said he. Presently he added, after tasting the coffee: "May I trouble you for the sugar?"

On a par with this blunder is the story of an American who was breakfasting with a friend, and to the surprise of his hostess, declined coffee.

"I thought you always took it!" said she.

"I do at home," he said, jokingly, "but that's because my wife gives me so little to eat. When there isn't much for breakfast I take coffee in self-defense."

The conversation drifted into some interesting channel, and he quite forgot his facetious excuse. Later, when the aroma of the coffee struck him more and more temptingly, he turned to his hostess, saying:

"Mrs. A., I should so much like a cup of coffee."

His feelings may be imagined at the burst of laughter which followed his blundering remark.—Golden Days.

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